

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Michael Angelo,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , 723
2. Eddies Round the Rectory, Chaps. 14-19, . . .	<i>Titan</i> , 751
3. The Domestic Opera,	<i>Punch</i> , 778
4. A Hole in the Floor,	<i>From the French</i> , 780
5. A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow, . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 787
6. Dugald Stewart,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 791
7. Sardinia and Europe,	<i>Spectator</i> , 796
8. Death of Gen. Persifor F. Smith,	<i>Sundry Papers</i> , 799

POETRY.—Grief for the Dead, 722. Swallows, 722. Hood on Duelling, 722. Good Morrow, 786. Homeward Bound, 786. Now November, 786. Fair Lissa, 786.

SHORT ARTICLES.—A Man Born too Late, 750. Squinting Lover, 750. Thackeray, 750. To Rise Early, 750. Excavation of an Ancient Christian Church, 777. New Photograph, 795. Mr. Allsop's Coleridge, 795. Manchester Men and Artists, 795. Royal Relic, 795. Cost of a Modern Belle, 798. King of Sardinia, 800.

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GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn !
 O brimming tears that ne'er are dried !
 The dead, though they depart, return
 As if they had not died !

The living are the only dead ;
 The dead live—nevermore to die ;
 And often when we mourn them fled
 They never were so nigh !

And though they lie beneath the waves,
 Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
 (Ah ! through how many different graves
 God's children go to him !)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
 Ere it is overgrown with grass !
 Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
 Or need we cry Alas !

Or why should memory veil'd with gloom,
 And like a sorrowing mourner crape'd,
 Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
 Whose captives have escaped !

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed
 When'er the summer grass appears ;—
 The loved, though wept, are never lost ;
 We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
 By bending forward where they are ;
 But Memory, with a backward tread,
 Communes with them afar !

The joys we lose are but forecast,
 And we shall find them all once more ;—
 We look behind us for the Past,
 But lo ! 'tis all before !

SWALLOWS.

Now, o'er the harvest meadows green
 Their arrow-headed forms are seen ;
 Now, o'er the pool they skim,
 As if they wish'd to dive below,
 To those far-sinking skies which glow
 Down through the waters dim.

With skilful wings their white breasts lave,
 And oft the smooth translucent wave,
 Records the daring feat ;
 Until they shyly dart away
 To where the swarming insects play,
 In some calm cool retreat.

Within the beech's gloaming shade,
 They flit through every sombre glade
 Like bats upon the wing ;
 So swift and silently they go,
 Amid the foliage to and fro,
 As 'twere some secret thing.

Thence home to shelt'ring eaves they hie,
 And barns and lofts with twitt'ring cry,
 Melodiously resound ;
 And then each dark warm nest they seek,
 To feed, from fond exhaustless beak
 The mouths that open round.

Once more ! once more ! away they dart,
 To ransack with a curious art,
 The water, earth, and air ;
 The shade, the meadow, pool and sky,

As if they knew most happily,
 Each joy secreted there.

With tantalized and laggard sight,
 We try to trace their thought-swift flight,
 Which thing may never be ;
 We can but wish, from this fair earth,
 Our labor'd pleasures and feign'd mirth
 As innocent and free.

Yet it may hap, perchance, they prize
 Far better than their own clear skies,
 The heavens beneath the pool ;
 And Earth's reflections calm and green
 May lovelier be to them, I ween,
 Than meadows fresh and cool.

But if this striving world of men
 Should seem to their untutored ken
 A happier than their own ;
 Their blissful pinions let them stay,
 And they shall wish, ere one short day,
 Such knowledge all unknown.

—Household Words.

HOOD ON DUELLING.

TOM HOOD describes an intended duel which was prevented by an amicable arrangement made upon the ground. The parties—Mr. Brady and Mr. Clay—rivals for the affections of Miss Lucy Bell, find it necessary to appeal to arms :

But first they found a friend apiece,
 This pleasant thought to give—
 That when they both were dead, they'd have
 Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long
 The seconds next forebore ;
 And having taken one rash step,
 They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
 Against the deadly strife ;
 But putting in the prime of death,
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ;
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so, they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 " Here one of us must fall,
 And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
 Be doomed to have a ball.

" I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name ;
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same ? "

Said Mr. B., " I do agree ;—
 But think of Honor's courts,—
 If we be off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

" But look ; the morning now is bright,
 Though cloudy it begun ;
 Why can't we aim above, as if
 We had called out the sun ? "

So up into the harmless air
 Their bullets they did send ;
 And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In two vols. London, 1857.
2. *Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* With Descriptions of the Plates by the Commendatore Canina, C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R. A., and John S. Harford, Esq., F.R.S.

THE two volumes upon Michael Angelo, by a gentleman of Mr. Harford's station, are no slight testimony to the enlightened attention now devoted to the subject of art by the class most at liberty to choose their own studies and recreations. Such free-will offerings are the more valuable from the circumstance that they are usually presented with a liberality as regards time, trouble, and money which the more professional contributor can seldom afford, and which this work offers to us in more than common abundance. Mr. Harford's name was previously known to the public in honorable connexion with that of the illustrious object of his labors for services rendered in the same liberal spirit to artists as well as to art. In 1854, he published, at considerable expense, a plate of the Sistine ceiling, no less remarkable for its large size than for the effect of color produced by an elaborate application of the chromolithographic process. Considering the double difficulty of giving any adequate idea of a work, itself seen under so many disadvantages, Mr. Harford's plate may be pronounced the most successful, as a general representation of the ceiling yet produced. The profits of the sale are devoted to the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. This fine lithograph is now incorporated with a folio of engravings accompanying the Life, in which no pains have been spared to assist the public to comprehend Michael Angelo as architect as well as painter, and which, having the advantage of a careful and enthusiastic essay from the pen of Mr. Cockerell, is valuable with or without the work it illustrates.

But it is not in generosity of labor or liberality of illustration alone that Mr. Harford shows the independent amateur; the mode in which he has conceived his subject is strictly true to that character also. He may be said to lead the reader up to Michael Angelo by every avenue, except that which

most appertains to connoisseurship. We approach the great Florentine by little help of criticism, and by few standards of comparison, either with himself or others, but rather through the literature, philosophy, and salient forms of thought of his day; the author touches on none of the disputed points in his history; he gives us no list of the works of this unprecedented pluralist in art; but, on the principle that a man is best known by his associates, he introduces him surrounded by those living characters whom he believes to have influenced his mind as well as his destiny. Thus the chief personages of that mysterious Florence of the 15th century are successively evoked before us—Lorenzo de' Medici, the magnificent Egotist, the devotee chiefly of a spurious Platonism, the patriot only in art and learning—Politian, the Medicæan laureate, and tutor to the future Leo X.—Ficinio, the high-priest of the philosophic Academy—Pico de Mirandola, the lesser Italian Crichton—Matteo Franco—Bartolommeo Scala—Luigi Pulci—with minor literati, sparkling, profligate, and classic—and, finally, the melancholy figure of the puritanic martyr Savonarola, whose stern trumpet-call of Christian protest is heard in harsh opposition to the lulling Pagan tones, which, floating on the surface of Italian society show the deep moral corruption beneath.

Nor are the results of Mr. Harford's labors dependent for interest on the nature of his subjects only. No matter what the theme—and our short summary comprehends the very antipodes of the dull and interesting in systems and men—from the dreariest dreams of modern Platonism equally as from the stirring echoes of the Reformation yon side the Alps (his favorite and leading topic), this hard-working volunteer extracts a narrative so lucid and elegant as to afford little conception of the obscurity, worldliness, and pedantry through which he himself has forced his way.

In this desire to reflect light on the life he has undertaken, from every form of intellectual depth or sophistical surface at all coincident with it, Mr. Harford expresses not only his own feelings, but that of an important and highly-cultivated class. To such thinkers great part of the interest inspired by art consists in its supposed connexion with the mind of its period; and though not prepared to agree unreservedly with this belief, it may be

accepted as one of those cases in which an opinion may bear good fruit without being strictly founded on truth. Whatever reason indeed, leads the educated and the excellent to take an interest in art is a good reason, though it may not be one of sound philosophy. Interesting, therefore, as are Mr. Harford's volumes on various grounds, there is nothing in them more so than the fact that one in his position should devote his best energies to detail the minutest particulars of a great artist's existence; while, on the other hand, we can imagine no tribute more honorable to the memory of the great Florentine than is thus paid by the learning, the liberality, and the piety of so thorough an English gentleman.

As respects the tone of earnest piety which pervades the work, it is no trifling indication of the religious feeling of our 19th century that, in the desire to vindicate taste by a higher principle, by reconciling the life and works of Michael Angelo with the pure doctrines of Christianity—the true solution of Mr. Harford's labors—this gentleman does not stand alone among modern writers on art. The same desire, however different in application, may be seen in M. Rio's work on "*Léonardo da Vinci et son Ecole*." If Mr. Harford fondly aims to glean from the emanations of Michael Angelo's mind, both as an artist and poet, the indications of an incipient Protestant, M. Rio as fondly claims the art of Leonardo and his school as the only consistent result of true Catholic doctrine. Both, by these means, invest their subject with an interest beyond the reach of art; both inspire the reader with the most respectful convictions of their sincerity; and both, perhaps, lead us somewhat to ponder upon the absence of all philosophical connexion between such premises and conclusions.

While the impure mythology of ancient Greece is known to have enlisted in its service the highest development of art the world has ever known, it would be vain to try and trace any logical consequence between the excellences of the artist and those of his faith. Art may derive her support, in a worldly sense, from the foulest superstition or from the purest Christianity; but in the impossibility of tracing the sources of her *inspiration* to both these extremes alike is shown the fallacy of ascribing it to either. The fuller the Pantheon, or the more numerous

the legends, the more abundant are her materials; but as regards the elements which transmute these materials into art, we see no rule which adjudges them to the principles of one form of faith, superstition, or idolatry, more than to those of another. Byzantine art, it is true, may be characterized as the strict exponent of Byzantine religious principle from the 6th to the 12th century; that, however, which, properly speaking, was no art, can constitute no example. If, on the other hand, obedience to prescription and tradition be the banner of the Roman Church, and liberty of thought and progress that of the Protestant, it would puzzle any competent analyser, in considering the highest forms of Italian art, to separate one from the other. In adherence to established types and subjects, both Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo were faithful Catholics; in innovations of every kind in the practice of their great language they were ardent Protestants. It may be thought that we here infer that the Protestant principle is, of the two, as much the more important for the expansion of art, as the practice of the artist is more important than the subject on which it is exercised. The great Italian masters carried on the forms of Papal tradition as the Greek sculptors those of heathen mythology, because they found them ready to their hands; but the very existence of art, as Byzantium again exemplifies, is dependent on the artist's freedom of speech. There is, however, a fallacy in the mere admission of these doctrinal ideas into reasoning upon art which cannot be too much deprecated. The definitions of blackness and whiteness would not be more out of place applied to music, nor those of hardness and softness to perfumes, than the ideas involved by the terms Roman Catholic and Protestant as applied to art. There are feelings in man and appearances in Nature which, joined together in holy wedlock, engender art; but, however the union may be stimulated by fervor, encouraged by piety, and favored by a holy life, articles of belief have nothing whatever to do with it. If we were asked to define which are the painters in the whole range of art who have most imbued their works with the expression of religious fervor, we should name two as far severed by creed as by country and time—Fra Angelico and Ary Scheffer. Only, indeed, by recognising the instinct

of art in its true dignity as the inheritance of the natural man can the apparent discrepancies in its sources and aliment be reconciled, and only thus can it be freed from those theories which, however attractive to the ancients, serve but to clog it with mysticism and confusion. In no respect, therefore, does the faithful follower of Rome more pervert both history and philosophy than by the fond assumption that in the difference between the doctrines of the Papacy and those of the Reformation lies the great secret of Christian art from Giotto upwards. One is tempted to ask in return, if that difference in doctrine be answerable for their production, why it has not been more zealous for their preservation? This, however, is too large a question to be pursued here, and we return to Mr. Harford.

In admitting that the title of this gentleman's work might more appropriately have been that of the History of Michael Angelo and his Times, and that it renders far more service to literature than to art, it is necessary to remind the reader that Mr. Harford has not only taken that view of his subject most congenial to his own mind, but that which every writer must, more or less, be compelled to take at present. While the numerous materials for a fresh, a correct, and an ampler biography, left by Michael Angelo himself, and preserved in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, are inaccessible to the public, little else than a literary memoir can be put together. These materials contain, we are informed, a correspondence of above three hundred letters on the part of Michael Angelo with Sebastian del Piombo, Vittoria Colonna, Daniel de Volterra, his nephew, his servant, &c., including not less than sixty by his own hand; and judging from those we have been privileged to see, they would serve to place his personal greatness on a still higher pedestal than it has even hitherto assumed, and one which no differences as to the merits of his art could affect. Meanwhile all researches made without access to this treasury are but laborious diggings for water with a full river in sight. This is evident from the scarce, however welcome, gleanings which are presented to the world in Le Monnier's recently published 12th volume of the new edition of Vasari, and which have been collected from every yet published source, from civic records, the archives of ancient ecclesiastical bodies,

and other documents. It is therefore the more to be regretted that a promise made by the Signora Buonarroti herself, to investigate the MSS., and answer a few questions on the more uncertain points in Michael Angelo's history, was frustrated by the lamented death of that lady in June, 1856.

The records, therefore, of this great man rest almost entirely upon the Lives of Vasari and Condivi—the one copied very much from the other, and both imbued with modes of thought, as well as inaccuracies of fact, so little in keeping with the dignity of their subject as to render their works valuable for little more than an outline, and that a very defective one, of his career. The circumstance that Michael Angelo was the only living artist whose history is given in Vasari's first edition, accounts for its being, in essential respects, the least satisfactory of all the biographies. Flattery was the order of the day, and the consciousness that the book would reach his hands entailed a stream of adulation without limit or discrimination. That the work did come under the eye of its subject we are assured by Vasari, who further inserts a sonnet received from him in acknowledgement. But it would be doing little justice to our respect for the great man's memory to believe that he really approved of much that Vasari's Life of himself contains, or that his sonnet—a mere complimentary apostrophe, in no way applicable to the work—was anything more than a conventional mode of writing. In reading this Life, therefore, the circumstances which in our times would add materially to its claims to belief must be considered as proportionately detracting from them. Had the master been dead before it was written, better discrimination would probably have been exercised than extolling, for example (simply because it was the latest executed), the Last Judgment above the Sistine Ceiling.

But in retracing the lives of the great Italian representatives of art it must be remembered as a rule that we have, in great measure, to set aside those opinions which have been transmitted with them. Sound views as to the real nature and merits of art especially demand a renunciation of the speculative and the fanciful, which (at least on this subject) is rarely found even in our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, and seems not to have been possible in the dreamy and

pedantic fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. When, therefore, we seek to be enlightened by principles supposed to be imbibed at the very fountain-head, we are met by theories and inquiries so vague and senseless as to show that the very foundation of true connoisseurship were not then laid. Even the sentiments put into the mouth of Michael Angelo himself, in a reported conversation with Vittoria Colonna and others,* transmit to us little more than far-fetched theories and conceits, neither worthy of, nor, we should say, compatible with the common, practical sense of any great artist. Two parallel anecdotes, however, from the Lives of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, serve to illustrate more precisely what we mean. Not even their great names, it appears, were any protection against the speculations of idle pedants as to whether Painting or Sculpture were the superior art—a question about as much to the purpose in those days as a dissertation on the comparative merits of fire and water, before a railway committee, would be in ours. The answers of each great painter to what would now be thought the most intolerable intrusion on their time are characteristic. Leonardo bends his philosophic mind meekly to the matter, and comes to the conclusion, "that the more an art induces fatigue of body, the less noble it is."† Michael Angelo, then in his eighty-first year, had evidently to his credit never thought on the matter at all. He therefore flounders for a few lines, in deference to the habits of the day, in speculations as to the difference between the sun and the moon, on the act of removing material, as in sculpture, and that of laying it on, as in painting. And then his strong common sense comes to the rescue, and he bursts out with the dictum,

* "Manuscrit de Francois de Hollande. Dialogue sur la Peinture dans la Ville de Rome." This MS., found in the "Bibliothèque de Jésus" at Lisbon, was published by Count Raczyński, in his work entitled "Les Arts en Portugal." It purports to give the views of Michael Angelo upon Flemish art, and art in general. If genuine in the lowest sense—that is, if such a conversation took place at all—the report of it must be looked upon rather as what the critics of the time fancied he ought to say than as what this great authority can have really uttered. A palpable contradiction, also, regarding a certain well-known picture, proving that even a then recent transaction in the records of art was not safe from misstatement, shows how little the reporter aimed at common accuracy.

† "Quanto più un arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile."—*Trattato*, lib. ii. cap. 14.

"Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over Painting and Sculpture, why not make peace between them, and close these endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art? If he who maintains that Painting is more noble than Sculpture writes upon other subjects as he does upon this, my old woman would have written much better."

But though the artist's soul might be vexed within him by such unprofitable absurdities, yet the evil for awhile affected not art. It is one of her glorious uses to continue a reality, even when there is little left that may be called real around her. This it is which often renders her an apparently illogical feature in history. "Ex pede Herculem" is no sure argument when we reason from art to morals; least of all in the Medicean era, of the glory of which we are apt to read far too flattering a tale by the light of those priceless monuments—its best survivors. The recognition of that divinity which doth hedge art is an indispensable preliminary to the true appreciation of her nature. So long as she was faithful to herself, the most adverse influences had no power to harm her. She flourished through despotism and corruption, and remained holy; vanity and superstition employed her, sophistry and stupidity extolled her, and she was not defiled. She had a charmed, because a separate existence. In point of fact, the high but vague ideas generally entertained of the advantages surrounding art in those great pictorial times which decorated Florence are so much deducted from her real worth. How false those ideas are, in the main, the life of such a man as Michael Angelo will show. But though the impediments and distresses suffered by him in the course he sought to run may shake our faith in the patronage of popes and princes, yet we still nourish delusions as to the "atmosphere" which surrounded an old master. Here again, however, art is lowered by a false exaltation of things around her. Poetic, indeed, was the existence of those on whom the sun of Italy shone in the workshops of Italian art. Looking closer, however, we shall see little that would now be thought encouraging to the pride of the artist, or even compatible with the liberty of his calling. The original contract for the picture by Benozzo Gozzoli, now in our

National Gallery, which has lately come to light, is an example of the terms under which a great painter worked in the days of Lorenzo de' Medici. It runs thus:—

"He shall represent on the said *tavola* the hereinafter mentioned figures in the mode and form about to be expressed. First, in the centre of the said picture, the figure of Our Lady enthroned, in the mode and form, and with the ornaments of the picture on the high altar of St. Mark in Florence. And on the right side of the said picture, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. John the Baptist, in the proper usual dress; and next to him the figure of St. Zenobio, with his ornamented sacerdotal dress; and then the figure of St. Jerome, kneeling, with his proper and usual accessories. And on the left side the under-mentioned saints, that is to say, their figures: first, beside Our Lady, the figure of St. Peter, and next him that of St. Dominick, and then, next St. Dominick, the figure of St. Francis, kneeling, with every ornament, as usual."

There are few patrons of art nowadays who would not hesitate thus to dictate to a painter even in treating for a family picture, and fewer painters of note who would not stipulate for liberty in the arrangement of his subject as the *sine quâ non* of his success. We must descend indeed to a low class of society both as regards art and manners to find those who would either give or take a commission in this spirit. That times therefore, have changed since pictures could be ordered to pattern is, at all events, a thing to rejoice over. At the same time, far from looking on this contract as derogatory to Art, we regard it as a high tribute to the real independence of this godlike vocation. There might be little regard paid to the painter's delicacy and dignity—he might be addressed like an "artificer," as he was then literally denominated; but the art that could afford to be treated like a trade, the art that could not be degraded, was the real thing after all.

Thus far our remarks have tended to show the happy invulnerability of the true æsthetic temperament against evil and unfavorable influences. While, therefore, venerating the sense, morality, and integrity of Michael Angelo, which passed unsullied through a corrupt age, there is no cause for surprise that his genius should have shared the same immunity. But we are called upon now rather to argue against the reversed view, and, by the same rule, to disclaim the benefit

an artist is supposed to derive from certain intellectual advantages.

In the belief that Michael Angelo's artistic powers were promoted by the learned society in which the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici enabled him to spend the impressionable years of his early youth, Mr. Harford again shares the opinions of many cultivated minds. It is natural for those who view art from a literary point of view to suppose that the attainments which contribute to general cultivation should be especially fertilising to the follower of the fine arts: and the supposition sounds so complimentary that it seems strange in us to wish to disown it. But no mistake as to the nature of the artist's mind can be really complimentary to it. In treating of the respective domains of art and literature, the first thing to be kept in view is the difference and not the analogy between them. This difference is nowhere more positively seen than in the resources whence each is sustained. No two great classes of human intelligence drink really from the same spring. The lamp of learning, however brightly it may burn, can shed no available light in that separate world where the true artist lives. What that world is—the two poles of which consist of the highest and lowest human faculties, those of the hand and those of the spirit—would be difficult to define. But perhaps some clue to the intense happiness which it affords may be traced to the fact that the tree of knowledge has so little growth there. The very homage of an artist to his art must be passionate, and not in the literary sense, intellectual. Better it is for him to be the doting slave of an impulse than the reasoning and conscious disciple of a principle. Hence a childlike simplicity of aim has always distinguished the great painter and sculptor; he is possessed by a feeling stronger than himself, and is that absorbed, enthusiastic creature we alternately pity and envy—a lover—his life long; and, though the course of his love do not run smooth, yet he is free from the anxieties which usually beset the state; his head may be unstored, his tongue untutored, but he knows that he serves a mistress who, if a man do but give her his whole heart, makes no difference between the scholar and the ignoramus.

Not that the highest skill in art may not be accompanied by scarcely inferior literary

attainments. Of this our own English pictorial annals give sufficient testimony. But these instances prove nothing: the man may stand doubly high, the artist stands but on his own ground. We doubt whether one ignorant of the facts would read Reynolds' cultivated mind in the technical strength of his works, or guess Stothard's comparatively illiterate life in the air of classic elegance which stamps his style. So small an amount of original research can be expressed even in the most erudite picture that we may fairly ask what advantage is conferred on one whose art is proverbially long, and life short, to store up with slow pains in his head what half-a-dozen lines would supply from a book, or a few questions extract from the scholar at his side. The cancelled passage in the *Felsina Pittrice*, which questions the possibility of the learning displayed in the Parnassus, the Heliodorus, School of Athens, &c., having entered "the humble mind of an Urbinese potter" might have been more courteously expressed; but the light of sound philosophy rises clearer from this impertinence than from the flourish about "the learned and always fruitful ideas of the *gran Raffaello*" which replaced it. As for Michael Angelo, considered as an illustration of this question, our arguments, whether true or false, might have been spared. He is the last man from whom any fancied reaction of letters upon art can be worked out. If there be anything in this world more opposed to the spirit of the literature and conversation of his times, it is the spirit which speaks in his works. On the one hand, a rage for classic literature and style, and the slip-slop revival of a bygone philosophy; on the other, forms which disown the remotest analogy with the antique, and conceptions of a force, energy, and strangeness, before which even the philosophy of art is sometimes silent. Nor is there any ground for believing that Michael Angelo received what would, either then or now, be called a liberal education. He was versed in Dante and Petrarch, as many an Italian was also who could not so much as read. He knew his beautiful native tongue, and used it like a true poet; he studied such mechanical sciences as then were taught, and applied them with a sagacity far beyond his day; and he so far gave in to the habits of the period as to acquire the power of writing bad

Latin.* But with this last exception his fine sense and judgement seem to have held him aloof from all those cold and useless forms of learning on which the Italian mind was then more starved than fed, and which were reserved for the cultivation of artists of a very different mould from himself. Vasari himself may be cited as the exponent of that school in which the reaction of letters upon art may be really traced—his pictorial conceptions, equally as his literary *ragionamenti* teem with classic erudition. The system, however, is known by its fruits. By the time that artists had been turned into scholars, the art that less learned hands had bequeathed to them had hopelessly declined.

We may therefore venture to consider the artistic career of Michael Angelo devoid of all reference to the religious or literary influences of his life. What made him essentially what he was who shall say? Yet there is something in the constitution of his mind on which a theory may be hazarded. That favored portion of mankind to whom Florence is familiar will have observed certain salient peculiarities in her ecclesiastic and domestic architecture. Looked down upon from any of the numerous heights surrounding the city, a strange mixture of the most airy and most ponderous structures meet the eye; giving the impression of having owed their erection alternately to the hands of fairies and of giants. The Campanile of Giotto, "with ebony and ivory inlaid," looks, as anybody beside the Emperor Charles V. might have said, only fit to be put under a glass case—the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces, and the Palazzo Vecchio, what Atlas himself would groan to lift. Of the fairy structures we have nothing to suggest; but those stupendous rough-hewn piles, including the Royal Pitti, which are neither Renaissance, Antique, nor Christian in character, serve to identify the Mediæval-Florentine as the descendant of that Etrurian race which set the stamp of its strength upon the Cyclopean remains still existing in Tuscany, and of its energy and tendency to exaggeration on its painted vases and monumental decorations. Just such in strength, energy, and tendency to exaggeration was Michael Angelo,—a view we find adopted by Winkelmänn. This offers a clue to his peculiar idiosyncrasy, and may

* See Gualandi's "Lettere artistiche Michelangelo Buonarroti a Francesco Fortunato," vol. i. p. 24.

further account for the popularity his works enjoyed from the first in his own land. They went to the hearts of a people in whose ashes the ancient fires, though expiring, were not yet extinguished. Not that he was the first vent of that volcanic heat; such men as Spinello di Arezzo, Luca Signorelli, the Titanic Sandro, Pollajuolo, whose picture in our gallery was painted the year of Michael Angelo's birth, were all more or less moulded in the old Etrurian furnace; in all, however, that most astonishes the mind, and most puzzles it also, the great Buonarroti may be considered to embody its last and culminating vigor.

Michael Angelo was born on the 6th March, 1475, and not 1474, as stated by modern historians, Mr. Harford included; the three months' difference in the Florentine style, which at that time commenced the year on the 25th March—Annunciation day—having been overlooked in the adoption of the dates given by Vasari and Condivi. The tradition of his descent, on the father's side, from the Counts of Canossa, appears also to rest on erroneous foundations. Even the credulous Vasari states it only on the authority of "*secondo che si dice*." Condivi, however, enters ardently into particulars with the view to exalt the family honors of his hero, which resolve themselves chiefly into two facts. First, that the supposed founder of the Buonarroti family—a Messer Simone di Canossa—was Podestà of Florence in 1250; and, secondly, that the Canossa and Buonarroti arms agreed. Modern investigation, however, has failed to find any confirmation on either of these points. No Simone di Canossa can be traced in the Florentine records as Podestà at all; nor does it appear that any identity existed between the Canossa and Buonarroti escutcheon, both of them traceable in Tuscany through many centuries, until the senator Filippo Buonarroti, well known as an archaeologist, and who died in 1733, added, by way of giving strength to the tradition, the Canossa crest—a dog gnawing a bone. On the other hand, Tiraboschi,* who gives a long and erudite account of the Canossa family, makes no allusion to a connexion which he would have been too glad to claim. It is true that Michael Angelo himself credited the story, and that it received further color from the courtesies he received from the then representative of the Canossa

race. But this proves nothing more than a greater desire on the part of two individuals under such circumstances to claim kindred, than to investigate the evidence on which it rested. We have stated this matter at length, though Michael Angelo's name can neither lose nor gain by the question, as a specimen at the outset, of the inaccuracy which attends these old gossiping narrators, especially when some point of family vanity is concerned.*

The outline given by these writers, slender as it is, of Michael Angelo's boyhood, tends to confirm our view of the small respect in which the arts were then practically held. The father of the great Buonarroti, though possessing the house at Florence and the villa at Settignano (both still in the family), was poor in purse and education, for, if Condivi may be believed, in a confession put into his own mouth, "he could do no more than read and write." His numerous sons were, therefore, devoted to the silk and woollen trade, the young Michael Angelo being alone sent to a grammar school at Florence. Here, however, the incipient artist showed no craving for letters. The pencil was his plaything in school-hours, and his study in play-time. No sooner was this propensity discovered than it was treated by father and uncles as a penal offence. The glorious monuments of art, then fresh and uninjured before their eyes, found no response either in their taste, pride, or vanity. The republican father of haberdasher sons had no mercy on the recreant who demeaned himself to art. Both writers state that Lodovico Buonarroti resorted to the usual parental modes of curing a genius of its bias—an assertion which, at all events, it is to be hoped, the son would have contradicted, had it not been true. It was not only that the future proved how little they comprehended the character they tried to crush; it is evident that the boy, from the first, must have given proofs of an earnestness and ability which, in times of the lowest artistic standards, would have secured him respect. As usual, the strong purpose triumphed—he was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo when just turned fourteen. The fact that the master at once agreed

* The absence of all confirmation on the two points above mentioned was stated as early as 1746, both in Manni's and Gori's notes to Condivi, which Mr. Harford doubtless overlooked. The question is further treated in the "Prospetto Cronologico" of Le Monnier's edition of Vasari.

* Dizionario Topografico, p. 124.

to pay for the young pupil's services, instead of requiring a premium, shows with what success his school lessons had been neglected. The same opposition was renewed on his subsequent adoption of the sculptor's craft; Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise" in the Baptistery, which have since ennobled the vocation throughout the civilized world, had not then raised it in Florentine esteem; and again the dignity of the house of Buonarroti, which, but for the arts, would probably never have been heard of beyond the walls of the city, was in arms at the degradation of a "stone-mason" member. The word "scultore" would not have mended the matter. So long was it before the dignity of art was acknowledged at the very capital of its empire, that Michael Angelo himself, in mature years, sternly reproved a correspondent for addressing a letter "Michel Angelo, scultore," reminding him that more deference was due to one of good family.*

The little that is told us of the young scholar's apprentice days is curiously out of keeping with his subsequent career and works. It sounds strange that the boyhood of the most subjective artist the world has hitherto known should have been distinguished chiefly by the abnegation of that character. We are inclined, therefore, to view the story of his being remarkable for habits of such accurate imitation that his copies of the drawings of old masters were mistaken for the originals by the owners of the drawings themselves, as one of the many instances in which the love of the marvellous outweighed the love of facts. Certain it is that the boy is nowhere more indubitably stamped as father to the man than in the early bas-relief, the first known specimen of his hand, in the Casa Buonarroti, where all that can be well distinguished or admired is the strong likeness to himself.

But it will conduce to the brevity of our survey if we subjoin a chronological table of the principal events of his life and of his works—this last most necessary appendage of a great master's career having been first attempted in Michael Angelo's case in the present edition of Vasari, whence we in great measure derive the following dates:—

1475, March 6.—Michael Angelo born.

* MS. letter in the Casa Buonarroti.

1488, April 1.—Entered the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo. (Vasari, *Le Monnier's* edition, vol. xii. p. 160.)

1488.—Picture of S. Antonio, from Martin Schongauer's print: stated to be at Bologna. (Vas., p. 162, and note.)

1489.—Entered the Academy of the Medici Garden. (Vas., p. 163.)

1489.—Head of Fawn; now in the Sala degli Inscrizioni, in the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 163.)

1489-91.—Bas-relief of the Battle of the Centaurs, now in the Casa Buonarroti. (Vas., p. 165, and note.)

Unfinished picture of Madonna and Child, and St. John, with four Angels. Date unknown. At Stoke Park. Mentioned by Rumohr, *Italianische Forschungen*, vol. iii. p. 96. Described by Waagen, *Treasures of Art*, vol. ii. p. 417.

1492, April 1.—Lorenzo de' Medici died.

1492.—Hercules, in marble, 7 ft. 8 in. high. Stood for years in the Strozzi Palace. Afterwards sent to France. Nothing now known of it. (Vas., p. 165.)

1493.—Wooden Crucifix, for the church of S. Spirito. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 166, and note.)

1494, January.—Colossal Figure, in snow, for Piero de' Medici. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, vol. xii. of *Le Monnier's* edition of Vasari, p. 337.)

1494, autumn of.—Visit to Bologna and Venice. (Vas., p. 166.)

1495.—Angel, in marble, on the shrine of St. Dominick at Bologna. (Vas., p. 167, and note.)

1495.—Return to Florence. Youthful St. John, in marble, for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 167.)

1495.—Cupid sleeping, in marble. Life size. Sold to Cardinal S. Giorgio as an antique. 1502, in possession of Isabella, Marchesa di Mantua. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 167; *Gaye Carteggio*, 2, 53-4.)

1496, June 25.—First visit to Rome. (*Prospetto Cronologico*, p. 339.)

Cupid in marble. Life size. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 169.)

Statue of Bacchus, in marble. In corridor of the Uffizii. (Vas., p. 169, and note.)

1499-1500.—Pietà, in marble. St. Peter's, Rome. (Vas., p. 170.)

1501, June 5.—Contract, by which Michael Angelo engages to execute, for the Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, fifteen statues, 3 ft. 8 in. high, for the Cappella Piccolomini, in the cathedral at Siena. From a subsequent document, dated September, 1504, it appears

that only four statues were finished. Nothing now known of them. (Prosp. Cron., pp. 340, 345.)

1501, August 16.—The trustees of S. Maria del Fiore (the Cathedral of Florence) engage Michael Angelo to execute the David from an ill-executed marble figure of David which had long lain in the court of that church. (Prosp. Cron., p. 342.)

1502, August 12.—The Signory of Florence commission Michael Angelo to execute a David in bronze. Completed 1508. According to Vasari and Varchi, sent to France. Nothing known of it. (Prosp. Cron., p. 342.)

1503, April 24.—Engaged to execute twelve Apostles in marble, about 8 ft. high, for the church of S. Maria del Fiore. (Prosp. Cron., p. 313.) The statue of St. Matthew, now in Cortile of the Accademia at Florence, appears to have been the only result of this contract. (Vas., p. 176, and note.)

About this time a Virgin, in bronze, for Flemish merchants. Sent to Flanders. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 176.)

About this time circular picture of Virgin and Child and St. Joseph, for Angelo Doni, in Gallery of Uffizi. (Vas., p. 176.)

1503, November 1.—Julius II. elected pope.

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin and Child. In Royal Academy, London. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

1503-4.—Circular bas-relief of Virgin, seated, with the Child in her arms, and the infant St. John behind. In the Uffizi. (Vas., p. 175, and note.)

To about this time may be assigned the statue of the Virgin and Child in marble, in the church of Our Lady at Bruges; mentioned in Albert Durer's Journal, Easter, 1521. (Passavant's *Kunstreise durch England und Belgien*, p. 363.)

1504, May 18.—Statue of David, brought into Piazza del Gran Duca, where it now stands. (Prosp. Cron., p. 344.)

1504, October.—Michael Angelo commences Cartoon of Pisa. (Prosp. Cron., p. 345.) Dates of payment to himself up to February 28, 1505. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 93.) Destroyed during his life.

1505.—Invited to Rome by Julius II. to execute his monument. (Vas., p. 180.)

1505, April.—About this time sent to Carrara to superintend excavation of marbles for the monument of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 346.)

1506, beginning of July.—Left Rome in consequence of dissatisfaction at treatment received from Julius II. regarding the monument. (Prosp. Cron., p. 347.)

1506, November 27.—Went to Bologna; was reconciled to Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Works of monument suspended.

1506-7.—Began bronze statue of Julius II.

1508, February.—Bronze statue of Julius II. uncovered at Bologna. (Prosp. Cron., p. 348.) Destroyed by partisans of Bentivoglio, December 30, 1511. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1508, May 10.—In Rome. Commenced the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. (Prosp. Cron., p. 349.)

1509, November 1.—Part of the ceiling uncovered and shown to the public by order of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 351.)

1512.—Scaffolding for works of the ceiling still standing in this year. (Vas., p. 192, and note.)

1512-13.—The chapel open to the public. (Vas., p. 192, note.)

1513, February 24.—Death of Julius II.

1513.—Contract with executors of Julius II. to complete the monument on a diminished scale. (Vas., p. 200.)

1513, March 15.—Leo X. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1515.—Michael Angelo at Florence towards the end of this year. Executes model of façade of S. Lorenzo for Leo X. (Vas., p. 201.)

1516. } Michael Angelo chiefly at Car-

1517. } rara and Pietra Santa, excavating

1518. } marbles for façade of S. Lorenzo,

1519. } which was never executed. (Prosp.

1520. } Cron., pp. 352 to 359.) In 1517 in

1521. } Rome for a short time.* (Prosp.

Cron., p. 356.)

1521, October 26.—Memorandum of payment to workmen for completing the statue of Christ, now in S. Maria sopra Minerva. (Prosp. Cron., p. 364.)

1521, December 1.—Death of Leo X.

1522, January 9.—Adrian IV. elected pope.

1522-23.—Michael Angelo resumes the monument of Julius II. at Florence. (Vas., pp. 204-5.)

1523, September 24.—Death of Adrian IV.

1523, November 19.—Clement VII. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1524.—Michael Angelo commences the Medici monuments in Sacristy of S. Lorenzo. (Prosp. Cron., p. 362.)

1527, May.—Sack of Rome.

1529, April 6.—Appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence. (Prosp. Cron., p. 364.)

1529, July 28.—Sent to Ferrara by the

* This fact of a short visit to Rome in 1517, elicited by the editors of the last edition of Vasari, supplies a long missing link in Michael Angelo's history. A letter from Sebastian del Piombo to him, dated Rome, Dec. 29, 1519, reports the completion of his picture of the raising of Lazarus, and mentions Michael Angelo as having seen it commenced. Hitherto all evidence of the great Master's having been in Rome at this period has been wanting.

Signory of Florence to inspect fortifications. (Prosp. Cron., p. 367.)

1529, September.—Michael Angelo takes flight from Florence. Visits Ferrara and Venice. (Prosp. Cron., p. 369.)

1529, November.—returns to Florence. (Prosp. Cron., p. 376.)

1529-30.—Repairs the injuries done to the campanile of S. Miniato. (Vas., p. 211.)

1530, August 12.—Fall of Florence.

1530.—Paints a Leda for the Duke of Ferrara in Florence, and works privately at the Medici monuments. (Vas., p. 207.)

About this time Michael Angelo executed the figures of the Virgin and Child in the Medici Chapel. (Vas., p. 207.)

1530-31.—Apollo, in marble, life size, taking an arrow from his quiver. Unfinished figure. Now in corridor of Uffizii. (Vas., p. 212.)

1531, September 29.—the two female figures on Medici monument completed; the others blocked out. (Gaye, vol xi. p. 229.)

1531, November 21.—Michael Angelo out of health. (Prosp. Cron., p. 378.)

1532, April.—Third contract for the monument of Julius II. (Prosp. Cron., p. 380.)

Summoned to Rome by Clement VII. to undertake the great fresco of the Last Judgment. (Prosp. Cron., p. 380)

1534, September 15.—Clement VII. died. Works of S. Lorenzo suspended.

1534, October 13.—Paul III. elected pope. Works of monument suspended.

1535, September 1.—Appointed supreme architect, sculptor, and painter. Last Judgment already begun. (Prosp. Cron., p. 384.)

1536, May 4.—The Emperor Charles V. saw the monuments in the Medici Chapel finished. (Varchi, Storia Fiorentina, lib. xiv.)

1541, Christmas-day.—the Last Judgment uncovered. (Vas., p. 224.)

1542, August 20.—Last contract for Julius II.'s monument. (Gaye, vol. ii. p. 301.)

1544.—Design for marble monument for Cecchino Bracci. Not executed. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

1447, January 1.—Appointed architect of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., p. 394.)

Executed Cornice of the Farnese Palace. (Vas., p. 231.)

1549, November 10.—Paul III. died.

1549-50.—Michael Angelo completes the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel. (Vas., pp. 224-5.)

1550, February 8. Julius III. elected pope.

About 1556.—Marble Deposition from Cross completed. Now in Cathedral at Florence. (Vas., p. 226.)

A smaller Pietà, in Marble; blocked out. Nothing known of it. (Vas., p. 249.)

1556, September.—Spanish force at the gates of Rome. Michael Angelo retreats into the mountains of Spoleto. (Vas., p. 247.)

1557.—Invited, by Duke Cosimo to return to Florence. Declines the offer on score of the works of St. Peter's. (Prosp. Cron., pp. 398-9.)

1553.—Executes model of St. Peter's. (Vas., p. 253.)

1564, February 18.—Death of Michael Angelo. (Vas., p. 269.)*

This table, it must be owned, with its alternate strata of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the deep gaps of wasted time and energy between, is a melancholy summary of one of the longest and strongest lives that ever fell to the lot of genius. It is sad enough to know that the works of a great mind have been lost in the varied chances and changes of centuries, but sadder far to perceive that they have been sacrificed to the selfish whims of those who should most protect the artist's time and peace of mind. Michael Angelo always reminds us of a noble horse falling into successive and cruel hands, each caring little how the muscles were out of practice, or how the harness galled, and one crueller than all, condemning the generous animal during its best years to no higher occupation than to *cart stones*, and that for buildings which were never so much as put up. It is true this was all in keeping with the treatment of Italian genius in the highest forms of poetry. Dante had been exiled, Ariosto was being slighted by Leo X., and Tasso's harder fate was to come. But the poet's mind may be vexed into action—"they learn by suffering what they teach in song:" the painter's has this vital difference, that it must be tranquilized. The twenty months of the pious Adrian's reign, which Italian writers lament as unfavorable to art, were halcyon days for Michael Angelo; he continued the works of the monument to Julius II.

From this matter-of-fact table, as we have given it, stands out with painful distinctness the two trials which overshadowed his life—the protracted "Tragedy of the Sepulchre,"

* This index is not complete without mentioning the Brutus which gave rise to the well-known epigram, and which is placed under the head of the Fawn in the Uffizii. In the absence, however, of all contemporary record, it is impossible to assign to this, the only bust by Michael Angelo, any proximate date. The same may be said of the Dying Adonis in the Uffizii, which, as Mr. Harford remarks, from its greater conformity to style, and from the inferior quality of the marble, may be inferred to be a work of his youth. An oval bas-relief of a Pietà in the Chapel of the Sala dei Poveri, at Genoa, is also believed by modern travellers to be his work.

as Condivi denominates the vicissitudes attending the monument of Julius II., and the repeated banishments to Carrara. We shall return to each of these.

It has been too much the fashion with commentators on Michael Angelo to endeavor to exalt his merit by depreciating the advantages he received, forgetting that to turn advantage or disadvantage to account is the highest touchstone of genius. Those, however, who know the works of Domenico Ghirlandajo will hardly hesitate to grant that, in the young Buonarroti's apprenticeship to him, at the very time that great painter was engaged on his magnificent frescoes in S. Maria Novella, lay one of the finest opportunities for education in art ever afforded to a young and ardent student. A picture exists, however, placed conjecturally early in our table, which, if granted to be by Michael Angelo at all, places this fact in the strongest light: we allude to the unfinished picture in Mr. Labouchere's possession—one of those interesting puzzles, perhaps the most interesting puzzle, in the domain of art; of the paternity of which there is at present no evidence beyond that, best of all, which is furnished by the likeness of the offspring. Examined by this light there are many signs, artistic and moral, which tell of the hand of the thunderer, though at a time apparently when his bolts were not fully forged. The subject is the Virgin, the Child, and St. John, with two angels standing on either hand. The whole picture is incomplete—one of the angel-couples only sketched in. The Virgin has those grand abstract features, the type rather of some stern extinct mythology than of either classic or Christian feeling, which constituted Michael Angelo's ideal when he idealised the human face at all. She is cast in that large scale and with those strong forms peculiar to his women, her figure piled up in the grand perpendicular line from seat to shoulder, so opposed to the hitherto conventional feminine slope from throat to elbow, and resembling his Madonna in the Medici chapel. The angels are not so distinct in their evidence; their heads (those most advanced, two of the grandest ever rendered) have a beauty beyond that which his hand ever gave, and a sublimity beyond any other master we know; while the fine modelling of their limbs and of those of the children, devoid of all needless anatomical display, is not superior—as what model-

ling well could be?—to that of Ghirlandajo himself. On the other hand, the drapery is finer than any which appears in Michael Angelo's authentic works, and parts of it, especially that around the infant Christ, as foreign to his subsequent manner as it is faithful to that of the school in which he studied. So much for the artistic signs: the moral evidence, if it may so be called, is traceable in the daring which, as again in the Medici Madonna, left the right bosom of the Virgin bare—in the instinct of true anatomy which resisted the impossible insertion of wings into the shoulders of angels in human form, in the general largeness and freedom of lines which pervade the whole design, in the grandeur of every portion, and in the spirituality of none. Taking, therefore, all these signs into consideration—the strong likeness of one part, the compatibility of another, and the incongruity of a third, we venture to conclude that we have before us a specimen of the great master before he lost the strength to moderate his strength, while that "terrible" energy still bent, which never broke—a work, in short, by the youthful Buonarroti while still in the studio of Ghirlandajo.

As to the period at which this glorious fragment was begun and thrown aside, it can only be arrived at by inference. Nothing in the picture is more decided than that it was executed before he became possessed of those extraordinary anatomical powers, which, once obtained, he never afterwards hid. We have thus a limited period left us for the probable date, which may be considered in two divisions. If this work was the exclusive fruit of Ghirlandajo's example, and of his own interpretation of Nature, it must be assigned to a period when he was but fifteen years of age; if the result of his first study of the antique in the Medici garden, superadded to these conditions, it may have been executed any time before, or when, he was eighteen. No argument can be based on the seeming disparity between these tender years and, to us, mature grandeur of this work. The non-age of most of the Italian painters has far exceeded the standards of modern majority, and the youth of such a being as Michael Angelo evidently as far outran those of his compeers. If his at all, it is as young as any work could well be by a hand which at fourteen years old already earned a premium from the master to whom he was bound. The

sympathetic beauty in the angels' heads, the subdued action, and the carefully-studied drapery are possibly only the expression of that restraint proper to a young, however advanced, disciple, while the grandeur of character which points so strongly to him alone may justly be defined as that of the painter, man or boy, who could carry the school in which Michael Angelo studied one stage higher.

With this picture before us, one is tempted to wish that the trammels of apprenticeship had hung longer upon him, and that the world had seen more of the splendid paces of the young courser before the curb was removed. Michael Angelo, as his history shows, was one who especially shone in what were to him technical hindrances. The preference now generally awarded, in which Mr. Harford also agrees, to his qualities as a painter, and which, granting this picture to be by him, here receives further confirmation, may be partly attributed to the fact of his never feeling quite at ease with the brush. Restraint gave birth to beauties which his liberty disdained, and the man who was mainly inspired by difficulties was best inspired by those he never quite mastered.*

Between this unfinished work and the great field of his pictorial powers, the Sistine ceiling, a period we conjecture of from seventeen to eighteen years, lies the only known easel picture by his hand; that painted for Angelo Doni about 1504. Here the school of Ghirlandajo vanishes at once from view in a style which, in this case, is scarcely redeemed by the night peculiar to the great master. So little approximation can be traced in this unattractive work, either to the past or future specimens of his brush, that, as we recall it to our mind's eye, it seems to break rather than connect the artistic link between them.

The praise bestowed on the Sistine ceiling embraces the emptiest tirades and the loftiest eloquence which one and the same subject can well inspire, for it is pre-eminently that work by the master in which the approbation

* Dr. Waagen's verdict on this picture has done much to convince the English public of the justice with which it now bears this great name. It is satisfactory also to turn to Rumohr's mention of it in 1821. Comparing it with the circular picture in the Uffizi, he says "the (probably earlier and) more beautiful half-finished tempera picture once in the possession of Mrs. Day in Rome, now in England."

of posterity has ratified the flattery of cotemporary writers. If ever a painter gave proof of that first and last title to success—the true estimate of his own particular force—Michael Angelo did so here. No great glory would have been reflected on his name, had he even been the inventor, as is assumed by Quatremère de Quincy and other modern historians, of the subjects of the ceiling: for the treatment, and not the subject, is the artist. Far, however, from this being the case, the persons and events here depicted, both in number and sequence, are shown by Mr. Harford, quoting from Sir Charles Eastlake's notes to Kugler's "Handbook of Italian Art," to have been, by means of such works as the "Biblia Pauperum," and the "Speculum Salvationis," more familiar to the great mass of the Italian people than any other forms of religious representation. With the arrangement of the subject, therefore, and not with the subject itself, the Michael-Angelesque element begins. The prophets and sibyls in the "Biblia Pauperum" were subordinate figures, and, if logic had anything to do with art, rightly so; but this mattered not to the master. What he needed were stately men and women, on whom to spend his power and energy; accordingly he made the precursors of the Savior, both Scriptural and fabulous, the great features of his work. Again, the introduction of nude academy figures, of no possible symbolical meaning, in closest juxtaposition with the sacred types of art, and on a scale next in importance to the prophets themselves, was a solecism unheard of till then; but here, too, consistency is a weak argument, opposed to the impulses of genius in the field of art. Michael Angelo wanted a vent for that stupendous knowledge of the human frame which such daring as his alone could employ, and accordingly, in these geniè he contrived a neutral ground on which it might properly be displayed. The ceiling, therefore, teems with grand masculine figures, in every possible position the architectural arrangements could excuse, in whom nothing but the pride of sheer animal life is apparent; yet telling not so much in contrast as in affinity with the Scriptural subjects around which they swarm. The Adam is half-brother to the anonymous Athletes seated above and below him; the Haman, even on his cross, seems, like them, to rejoice in his strength; the scenes in the lunettes, most poetically

interpreted as the genealogy of the Savior, are the happy homes of the grandest race, physically speaking, upon earth. Nor, which is the real test of art, does the consistency of the subject suffer, as in the Last Judgment, by this preponderance of animal life, for in concentrating our attention upon his prophets and sibyls, where its sublimest features are in place, he has sagaciously made it the key-note of the whole.

Mr. Harford alludes to Michael Angelo's temporary dissatisfaction with his work, after proceeding as far as the third compartment—the sacrifice of Noah—attributed by Vasari and Condivi, with their customary unison, to the chilling of the surface, owing to a too fluid compound of the lime. However this may be, we are inclined to adopt a more probable and obvious cause assigned for his discouragement,* namely, the inadequate size of the figures for the distance at which they were to be viewed; a fact which the painter would probably not have tested until he had proceeded thus far. At all events, whether the lime was right or wrong, the immediate change to a scale of proportion three times the size in the next compartment shows a change in the master's views with which the state of the surface could have nothing to do.

There is another feature also in these Scriptural compartments in which we believe modern sense to be a better translator of Michael Angelo's intentions than contemporary opportunity. We cannot admit that in the first compartment (in the Biblical order), where the Almighty with extended arms appears supported by cherubs, creating the sun and the moon, the single unattended figure on his right, seen entirely from behind from the back of the head to the soles of the feet, was really intended for "*il medesimo Iddio*," in the act of creating the earth. Nor does the argument gain by the vague something, now almost obliterated, in the corner, which is supposed to represent the new-created world. A picture should be the only key to itself; and, tried by this test, no unbiassed eye could read this retreating figure otherwise than as the symbol of Darkness fleeing before the face of Light. Füseli passes over the question in silence; Kugler the same; but Quatrenère de Quincy boldly describes it as "*Le Père éternel chassant le Génie du*

Chaos," in which version we entirely agree. Nothing, indeed, could be more repulsive to all feelings of reverence and propriety than to identify either the form of the Almighty, or the solemn act of creation, with the back view of a figure expressing nothing but haste and discomfiture, and in that sense only magnificently rendered. And as far as the two contemporary and concurrent historians are concerned, the very puerility of their admiration invalidates their judgment. After the fashion of children and ignorant people, all they think of is that optical delusion by which this figure, like the eyes of a portrait, or like the oxen on a ceiling by Luca Giordano in Florence, seems to follow the spectator wherever he stands.

A remarkable specimen of that peculiarity of conception which isolates Michael Angelo is the diffuseness with which he dwells upon the act of creation, spreading out a theme, which occupies but a few lines in Genesis, into several compartments of his ceiling. Not but that the poet's shortest line may properly cover the painter's longest canvas, if his imagination consent. But there is no imagination exercised here. The act of creation stands as solitary on this ceiling as in the sacred narrative; wherefore, then, its multiplied repetition? The Almighty is depicted five times, and, if we were to accept the old version of the retreating figure above mentioned, six times, in successive compartments, doing the same thing. There is no earth, with its varied forms, or sea, with its boundless roll (even admitting the faint line of sea given in Linnell's engravings),* to assist and vary the idea. In three adjacent pictures the very conception of the Creator is the same. He is seen under the same form, supported on the same wingless angels, composing the same circular group, which in two of these instances, and those two contiguous, is rendered more formally round by the same sweeping line of drapery. Nevertheless, this monotony of invention needs no excuse to the eye. Seen at the height of sixty feet, these solitary floating masses have not only that grandeur of general effect consequent on largeness of design, but the very repetition of the same image conveys a sense of oneness and abstraction to the mind, consonant with

* Fifth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, p. 12.

* Linnell's engravings of the Sistine Ceilings from drawings in the possession of the late Mr. Rogers.

the idea of a First and Sole Cause. Even the error of scale in the compartments alluded to, at the other end of the ceiling, is not without its advantage to the eye. Reduced to that comparative indistinctness which the great height entails, more or less, upon all parts, the course of representation seems rather to typify a natural gradation from solitude to multitude—from the separateness of the Creator to the sociality of the creature.

The assertions of Vasari and Condivi regarding the short time (twenty months) in which this ceiling was completed have been repudiated by modern historians, simply on the score of impossibility. The researches of Signor Gualandi, of Bologna, have now elicited the very day of the year on which the work was commenced,* while a note in the last edition of Vasari proves that some time in 1512 the scaffoldings which raised the painter to his work were still standing.† The curious inaccuracy of the old writers is further shown by a quotation given by Fea‡ from a letter dated June 3rd, 1509, in which the Sistine ceiling is described as not only finished, but as already ornamented with gold—a heightening of effect which is well known never to have been executed.

We may now consider how far this great work claims to be viewed as a link in the great chain of Italian art, and not, as it has been the fashion to suppose, as an isolated creation. However Vasari and his echo may speak of the world as "having hitherto lain in darkness," we now feel that to attempt to repudiate for Michael Angelo all influence from the painters preceding him would be to strip him of some of the highest excellences of his vocation. As in the picture belonging to Mr. Labouchere, so in the grandest features of the ceiling, the figures of the prophets and sibyls, the merits of Buonarroti are not those of a man who did a new thing, but of one who carried a great development one step higher. If we see the master on his own feet in the numerous nude figures which have no character but that of the finest anatomical display, we see him where a great man should be—on the shoulders of his predecessors—in such conceptions as Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Not only did Florence, Pisa, and Prato teem with historical creations worthy of such successors

—not only is Michael Angelo known to have studied Masaccio—but there were specimens of single figures seated in attitudes of grand contemplation to be seen in Florence, which may be considered as the immediate ancestors of those on the Sistine ceiling. We allude to the frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, representing the Wisdom of the Church, in the chapel of the Spaniards in S. Maria Novella, where, among the fourteen seated figures representing the abstract and mechanical sciences, are several which in grandeur and energy, and even on what is called "motive," recall the painter of the Sistine chapel. This has not escaped the attention of modern writers on art, and Rosini states that, "if it would be too bold to say that Buonarroti took the attitude of his Duke of Urbino on the Medici monument from that of the representative of Contemplative Theology, it is only just to assert that Teddeo Gaddi, in this majestic figure, foretold Michael Angelo."* It appears to us that the Jeremiah, equally as the Duke of Urbino, may be traced to this figure, in the same sense as Raphael's St. Paul Preaching, to the Filippino Lippi in the Carmine. To those, also, familiar with the frescoes in the Carmine, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve on the Sistine ceiling must recall the same figures by Masaccio. The position and action of the angel above them (and these are peculiar) are almost identical. Nor does there lie more than one natural link in the chain of conception between Michael Angelo's circular compositions of the Almighty supported on angels, and those of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Building of the Tower of Babel, and in Moses receiving the Tables of the Law, in the Campo Santo; or between those of Ghiberti on his Gates—in all of which the group appears encompassed by a Glory. Even this conventional Glory is retained in the Sistine painter's sweeping line of drapery—one of those devices to conceal rather than overcome a difficulty, which catch the applause of the ignorant.

It is to the absence of union with the masters before him that the inferiority of the Last Judgment in the qualities of art is owing. The twenty-seven years which had elapsed between the beginning of the ceiling and that of the east wall of the chapel, in which the pencil and the chisel had been alternately dashed from his hand, will account

* See Table.

† See Table.

‡ Notizie intorno Raffaello, p. 27.

* Rosini, vol. iii. p. 102.

for the untempered soul of Michael Angelo which reigns rampant in this great work. Here he was allowed no discretion as to which figures should be most conspicuous, The Saviour as judge, the saints and angels around, were necessarily the prominent groups of the subject, and they were not beings in whom an inordinate development of animal life was appropriate. Hence, what we call the key-note of Michael Angelo's mind was not only out of tune in the whole upper part of the composition, but that monotony of character ensued which only the influence of other painters upon him could prevent. By the same rule, however, that which offends us in the sacred person of the Redeemer assumes its proper function in the lower part of the picture. Here his "terribile via" is in its place, and reigns with a merciless sublimity which no other painter has approached. For it is only by the exhibition of a tremendous power, analogous to that of Doom itself, that this part of the subject can be rendered either morally or pictorially grand. Refinement, pathos, and grace have nothing to do in such a scene, still less that morbid imagination of infernal shapes and horrors by which the earlier painters had rendered the representations of Hell disgusting in the sense of art, and ridiculous in that of morals. No stronger evidence can be given of the distinctness between the materials suitable to Painting and Poetry than the instinct with which Michael Angelo avoided embodying any of those fearful details which impart such pitiless reality to the pages of Dante. In this respect Luca Signorelli may be cited as his precursor on the same right road.

The frescoes of the Pauline chapel, undertaken after another twelve or thirteen years' interval of pictorial inactivity—for they appear to have been completed about 1550—as the last effort of the great *frescante* require a passing allusion. Called into existence chiefly from the jealousy of the then living Pope over the last dead Pope—exactred from the painter at an age which unfitted him even for the physical labor of the task—and assigned to so dark a locality as to deprive equally him and the world of the fruit of that labor, these frescoes are one of the numerous sad epitomes of his much thwarted life. But though the Roman Church has, in the same spirit, added the dust, dirt, and smoke of centuries to the original darkness to which it

doomed them, yet enough remains of these frescoes to show the vigor with which the grand old man grappled with a task which an inferior mind would have had too little courage, or too much vanity to undertake. The subject of St. Paul's Conversion is treated with a spirited flow of lines worthy of his best time—that of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, in its numerous repetitions of the same forms, tells the tale of the weary painter who executed more what he had learned than what he felt.

We turn now to the chapter of his sculpture, in so far a more distressing one than that of his painting from the incessant interruptions with which it was attended. Holy fathers worried him to complete his pictorial tasks, and therefore, however unwillingly commenced, he had the satisfaction of bringing them to a conclusion; but they worried him still more to neglect those he had undertaken in the department of sculpture, and year after year saw the master equally hindered in carrying out the favorite conceptions of his genius, and the sacred dictates of his duty.

The position of Michael Angelo as a sculptor is essentially different from that which he assumes as a painter. The pupil of Ghirlandajo—the contemporary of some of the greatest Florentine names—the heir to an illustrious line of art, he is, as we have endeavored to show, never so grand as when that lineage is stamped upon his works. But sculpture gave him, comparatively speaking, no compeer and few predecessors, and the course he tracked out with gigantic strength commenced and continued only in himself. Here, therefore, the real development of his originality must be recognised; the very materials of the art seem to have been a lever sufficient to raise the spirit which in this form separated him from his kind. From the day in which he plied the chisel and clutched the clay in the Medici garden, all his predilections were sculpturésque. Whatever his pictorial triumphs, he never ceased to maintain that sculpture was his vocation; and although he may appeal less to our sympathies in this garb, we must reverence it nevertheless as that in which the genius of one of the greatest men who ever lived was most true to itself. In one very important sense it is plain that Nature intended him for a follower of the plastic art and for nothing else. He cared for that only

which is the sculptor's legitimate ground—the human frame. As to backgrounds and accessories, and tone and touch, and all the numerous dependencies of the painter's craft, he utterly repudiated them. Oil-paint, which had recently set the painter's hand at large, and one of the first specimens of which executed in Italy dates from the year of his birth, he would never so much as try. All that is most alluring to a painter was no temptation to him, which leads Vasari to say, with his usual uncomplimentary flattery, that his great mind could not lower itself to the execution of landscapes, trees, or buildings—not knowing that a true artist sees no lowering of the mind to any form of beauty. At any rate it is evident that such objects lay so entirely without the circle of his sympathy, that it matters little whether power or inclination were most wanting.

The period of his youthful study in the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici, from such specimens of the antique as were collected there, must be assumed to have had some share in forming the future man. Nothing, however, is more certain than that, as soon as he was launched on his career, all affinity between him and the antique was effaced in the overwhelming subjectiveness of his art. All the specimens of classic sculpture put together, which Italy was then eagerly disinterring, never made that impression on his mind which the one sarcophagus of Pisa made on that of his great predecessor, Nicolo Pisano. Christian and classic art were not further removed from each other than Michael Angelo was from both. The story of the sale of his Cupid, the constant comparison of his works to those of Greece, and the absurd exaltation of the modern sculptor above the antique masters, are only so many proofs of the mere empiricism regarding art which then prevailed. If the anecdote quoted by Mr. Harford be true, that "after looking at various statues in terra-cotta by Antonio Bigarini (an admirable artist in that line), 'Woe,' he exclaimed, 'to the antique statues if these could become marble!'" if this be true, we may even doubt whether Michael Angelo himself appreciated the antique. And if asked to believe that he read and approved Vasari's account of his life, in which his own works are extolled "above all sculptnre, modern or antique, Greek or Roman," we may doubly question whether his mind ever

did homage to the plastic perfection of Greece. A negative corroboration of this surmise may be traced in a letter from Francesco di San Gallo, quoted by Fea.* It appears that Michael Angelo was present at the excavation of the group of the Laocoon from a vineyard near the church of S. Maria Maggiore, which took place towards the close of the year 1505. His words are, "We went" (his father, Michael Angelo, and himself), "and descended to the statues. My father immediately said, 'This is the Laocoon of which Pliny makes mention.' The cavity was enlarged with a view to extract the group, and, seen, *we returned to dinner.*" There is not one word of the raptures of the modern sculptor, and he not the man to conceal them. at the sight of this, one of the grandest ideals of classic energy and knowledge then or since discovered. We give this anecdote only for what it is worth. At any rate, to return to our former topic, no stronger proof can be given of the discrepancy between that style which he made his own and the prevailing character of the antique than is exhibited in the juxtaposition of the two in an antique statue, the River God, in the Museo Clementino, restored by his own hand. Without dwelling on the verdict of such a profound connoisseur as Visconti, followed by Cicognara, as to the immeasurable inferiority of the modern Etruscan to the ancient Greek, manifest in this peculiar trial of skill, we merely point out that incontestable difference between them which was not in his time so much perceived. The mere fact of Michael Angelo's being commissioned to restore an antique statue at all speaks volumes as to the total absence of artistic judgment in such matters. Whatever his excellence, the first and easiest thing to recognise in this remarkable man is the impossibility of his adapting his manner to that of any other style or period.

Much has been said of the influence of the colossal male torso in the Medici Academy over the mind of the boy-student; and without questioning the fact, we are disposed to interpret it somewhat differently. In his admiration for this grand object, we see not so much a homage to the spirit of antique sculpture as an incentive to that which constitutes the alpha and omega of his own style, name-y, the knowledge of anatomy. Here we touch

* Notizie intorno Raffaele, p. 21.

the real spring which set the powers of this great man at liberty. In the school of anatomy he fought a battle which had never been so thoroughly fought before, and stole from the cold clay those secrets by which his energy could alone be brought into play. The only object he coveted to imitate was the fearfully and wonderfully constructed body of man, and this the science of anatomy alone enabled him to make his own. He could sustain it in any position; and, therefore, he revelled in the most extravagant. He could so plainly discern its internal mechanical forces, that his hand refused under any circumstances to conceal them. He could draw the nude better than any thing, and, therefore, he was reluctant to cover any portion of it. In these circumstances lie the great characteristics of daring position, exaggerated muscular development, and that academic absence of individuality which rendered him Michael Angelo, and also those causes which in the present age necessarily narrow the circle of his admirers in the field of sculpture.

Of the at best scanty list of the master's youthful productions in this department, too many, like his snow man, erected for Piero de' Medici, will be perceived to have melted away from human sight. The relief in the Casa Buonarroti, already mentioned, gives a strong foretaste of his eventual might and manner. On the other hand, the angel on the shrine of S. Domenico has nothing of his character, and little promise of any kind. Of the youthful St. John, as of the colossal Hercules, there is no record beyond that in Vasari. The cupid sleeping appears last in Mantua, and vanished probably in the sack of that city. With the Bacchus, the Pietà, and the David we advance, therefore, as far as his thirtieth year. These three works are important steps in his career. The conception of the Bacchus appears to rest more on the general ideas of the god of wine than on any classic authority or opportunity of examining the antique which Michael Angelo may have possessed. There is no evidence that the group of the Bacchus and Ampelus, now in the Florentine Gallery, was there in Buonarroti's time. It would be a superfluous compliment, therefore, to one who at best attached small value to precedent, to interpret the little faun behind the statue, stealing grapes from a basket, as the figure of the fa-

vorite on whom the god was wont to lean. At all events, the conception in other respects departs entirely from that now familiar to us of the softness, effeminacy, and happiness of the Theban deity. The Bacchus of Michael Angelo is a finely-executed figure of manly development and proportion, who is both mortal and drunk, while the Flibbertigibbet behind him, though a symbolic accessory rarely seen in the master's works, was probably meant for nothing more.

The group of the Pietà will ever remain one of his most attractive works. The inanimate state of the Saviour's body gives it a tenderness and relaxation which contrasts refreshingly with his usual excess of vital development; while the features of the Virgin have a pathos and solemn individuality which raises this head greatly above his conventional standard. The drapery also is studied for its own sake: he had not then learned to look upon it as a mere incumbrance to the figure.

In the David he appears in his more usual characteristics. The figure is grandly formed and modelled; but that academic vagueness is already conspicuous which leaves the particular intention undefined. The absence of all explaining attribute may be accounted for by the peculiar circumstances under which he received the block of marble; but not so the conception of the figure, than which nothing can be imagined more remote from the idea of the tender and youthful shepherd, who came out to meet the giant Philistine, strong only in the grace of God. Reduce this statue as we please in scale, it remains the sturdy, full-grown, colossal man, far too equal a match for Goliath to illustrate the miraculous narrative of Scripture.

The two circular bas-reliefs of the Virgin and Child are a particular and most interesting phase of his art. The Royal Academy is fortunate in possessing one of them, which, though unfinished, would hardly have gained further beauty from the master's hand. It is impossible to examine it without recurring to our already-expressed theory that Michael Angelo is never so winning as when the conditions of his art linked him in some way to the forms and feelings of his pictorial brethren. Here there is no space for any *tour de force* in the position either of Mother or Child. Here, therefore, he is not exclusively himself, but stands forth rather as some crowning midway excellence, in which Ghir-

andajo on the one hand, and Andrea del Sarto on the other, seem united.

The statue of Moses involves that doleful history of the monument of Julius II. to which we have already alluded. The period between the conception and completion of this work was one long travail of the artist's soul without precedent in the annals of inspiration, and rendering all conjecture fruitless as to its positive date.

In 1505 Michael Angelo, fresh glowing with the honors of his, so soon to be annihilated, cartoon of Pisa, was summoned to Rome by Julius II. for the express purpose of undertaking that pontiff's monument. The holy father was worldly and impetuous beyond even the common standard of the Vatican. He wished for the grandest sepulchre that Christendom had hitherto known, and he wished for it as soon as possible. He had found the right man to second these views. Michael Angelo's energy and splendor of ideas needed no spur. He produced a design which, in grandeur, vastness of scale, and far-fetched allegorical compliment, admitted of no rival. It represented a quadrangular elevation, in two stages, seen on all four sides; the ground plan, 39 feet by 26 feet. The lower stage consisted of alternate niches, and terminal figures supporting the cornice; the niches containing statues emblematical of the pontiff's victories trampling on captives or converts; the terminal figures having each a full-length nude male figure bound hand and foot to them, symbolizing the Arts and Sciences paralyzed by the death of Julius. On the second story were seated figures of Prophets, Apostles, and Virtues, two at each corner. Above them reposed the monumental effigy of the impetuous Pope, accompanied by two female figures; the one, Heaven, smiling at the acquisition of the pontifical soul; the other, Earth, bewailing its departure. In all forty figures.

This design so fired the ardor of Julius as to give rise in turn to a scheme for rebuilding the cathedral church of St. Peter's on a scale fitted to receive so sumptuous an erection. "Hence," says Mr. Harford, "the modern church of St. Peter's was a consequence of what proved the abortive scheme for the tomb of Julius."

It is one of the painful enigmas of this period—so prolific in buildings requiring every class of workmen from the rudest stone-

mason to the foreman of the works—that in Michael Angelo's undertakings, whether in sculpture or architecture, no one could be ever found to extract the rude materials from the quarry, except the master-mind who was to give those materials life. Accordingly, eight precious months of his thirty-first year were spent in the marble mountains of Carrara, when, having shipped off as much marble as filled the piazza of St. Peter's he returned to Rome to work. The Moses, and the two so-called Slaves, specimens of the creations intended to people the upper and lower stories of this sepulchral palace, began to grow into life. The pope, meanwhile, did not fail to urge on the willing horse. A temporary bridge was constructed to connect the studio with the palace; and the holy father testified his interest in the work by assiduous interruptions of the artist. Suddenly the scene changed. His holiness, as Michael Angelo himself expresses it, "*si mutò di fantasia*"—a change of mind attributed to the suggestion of a rival regarding the ill luck likely to attend the life of one engaged in his own sepulchral arrangements. Not only did the pope now cease to tread the bridge that led to the studio, but the sculptor was denied access to the palace, and in a fit of indignation quitted his works and Rome.

A few months afterwards a reconciliation ensued, but no entreaties on Michael Angelo's part prevailed on Julius to allow the continuance of the monument until he should be beyond the reach of its sinister influence. This took place in 1513, when he left strict charge in his will for the completion of the once favorite scheme. His executors, however, adopted a different view. They considered the vastness of the undertaking, however flattering during his life, a superfluous tribute after death, and Michael Angelo was required to submit to the humiliating condition of furnishing a second design, in which the forty statues originally agreed on were reduced to six. This done, he again devoted his energies to the task, workmen were summoned from Florence, and the Moses felt once more the vivifying chisel of the master, when Leo X. interfered. This pope, whom all worshippers of the great master are bound to execrate, had no interest in his predecessor's tomb, and none in Michael Angelo's fame. Like his successors in the sacred chair, he broke through the solemn obliga-

tions of the man without compunction, but, unlike them, he has not even the equivocal merit of having wrung from the artist anything acceptable to the world in exchange. To him was owing the banishment alike from art and society in the wilds of Carrara—a barren waste in Michael Angelo's life—one of the deep stains in his own; and while the most extolled master of the age was quarrying rocks and making roads at the bidding of this falsely called "patron of the arts," the dust of years again collected on the half-formed statues of the sepulchre. At Leo's death, in 1521, the chair was occupied by Adrian, who, fortunately, had no ambition to shine in any form of art; the land, therefore, had rest, and for a short twenty months the harassed master proceeded with the work of his affections and his conscience.

Clement VII. succeeded in 1523—too true to his Medici origin to respect any obligation from which he derived no personal glory. In vain Michael Angelo pleaded the contract by which he was bound to the executors. "*Lascia a me far con a loro*," was the answer of the man to whom the sack of Rome and the Medici monuments are alike owing.

In due time—1532—when the artist had reached the age of fifty-seven, the third contract appears, "*per tirare a fine la sepoltura di Giulio II.*" Here it was agreed that the six stipulated statues should be by the master's hand, but that the terminal figures and the accessories of the tomb might be intrusted to other sculptors, the whole to be finished in three years from that time. This arrangement seems to have entailed a fresh design, for a letter to the executors or agents of the deceased Julius apologises for Michael Angelo's not having as yet forwarded the drawing, on the score of its "being necessary for him first to see again the statues commenced in Rome and buried by the inundation of the Tiber, as well as those in Florence, in order to accommodate the plan to them."*

In 1533 Clement VII. was gathered to his fathers, and Buonarroti flattered himself that the way to the completion of the monument was now clear before him; but the Pope who stood in his path, never died to him. Paul III. appeared on the stage, ready to walk in the steps of his predecessors. It was the old story: "Go to; he's dead—I'm alive; serve

me now." What need also was there for six statues for an old man's memory? or three? or two? The statue of Moses alone, according to the Cardinal of Mantua, was all-sufficient tribute to the dead lion. Once more, therefore, a contract was framed to express a further diminution of the structure, and three statues by Michael Angelo's hand was all the allowance left for the former thunderer of the Vatican.

Meanwhile the course of this undertaking had run as little smooth in other respects. Many of the marbles, including all the small pieces, were stolen from the piazza; * his half-finished statues, as we have seen, lay under water; the sculptor was drained of his funds to maintain the expenses which, in some measure, went on, though the monument stood still; and an outcry of embezzlement was raised against him by malicious voices, which outlasted even the tardy completion of the work. Bitterly does he complain, in the same letter we have quoted, that the sepulchre has wasted his youth, honor, and fortune, "for which my only payment is to be called a usurer and a robber by ignoramuses who were not so much as born when I undertook the task." As for the building which had been projected for the sole purpose of doing honor to the mighty scheme, this part of the plan, like all the rest of the original conception, came to nothing. At first, the disappointed old man was urged to place the scattered remnants of his vast idea in a locality—the church del Popolo—where there was neither room or light suitable for their reception; and, finally, reduced to one façade instead of four, adorned with three statues by the master's hand instead of forty, and with a few terminal figures eked out with paltry corbels and brackets, the sepulchre hid its diminished head beneath the humble shadow of S. Pietro in Vincoli, some time after 1545, or more than forty years subsequent to its commencement.

The three statues which are the only fruit of this sad tale are those of the Moses, which constitutes the principal feature of the tomb, and two standing female figures, alternately designated as Active and Contemplative Life, as Leah and Rachel, and as Virtue and Religion; and so vague in character, that any

* Lettera di Michelagnolo Buonarroti per giustificarsi contro le calunnie degli emuli e dei nemici suoi nel proposito del sepolcro di Papa Giulio II., trovata e pubblicata con illustrazioni da Sebastiano Ciampi.

* Prospetto Cronologico, vol. xii. of Vasari p. 381.

other unmeaning names will suit them quite as well. We are led to conclude that these two figures were afterthoughts consequent on the change of design, no connexion being any longer supposed to exist between the death of Julius and the paralysis of the sciences. As to the number of statues finished or blocked out from first to last during the ups and downs of the monument, we have only Vasari's testimony to guide us. He states that Michael Angelo,* when at Florence, where he worked from time to time to avoid the malaria of Rome "completed in every point and in many pieces one façade of the work." In addition to this he enumerates the two Slaves "finished by his hand in Rome," eight more statues of a similar kind blocked out there, five more in Florence, and a finished Victory trampling on a figure, placed in the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. Making allowance for all exaggeration, it must be concluded that many a figure intended for the tomb has been lost to the world; all that are yet known to exist being the two so-called Slaves, now in the Louvre, where Mr. Harford has the merit of having drawn attention to them; the figure of the Victory, still in the hall of the Palazzo Vecchio; and four half-finished statues of Captives, which adorn a grotto in the Boboli gardens.

The Moses, thus sole remnant and representative of the original design, has been the object of the most opposite opinions, of the extremest praise from contemporaries, and the extremest censure from later writers.† Neither parties have sufficiently borne in mind the different conditions which attended its conception and completion; the fact that he is now seated below the eye when he was intended to be raised above it, that he is now alone when he was designed to be supported by others. Hence, in some measure, that want of concentrated interest which the eye expects in a single figure. The nude portions especially the left arm, are as fine as anything by the master's hand; but there is an absence of meaning in the general conception, which precludes the idea of a self-sufficing whole. Moses is neither receiving, nor giving, nor teaching the Law; neither occupied with the spectator, retired within himself, nor absorbed in the Deity. Large as is the idea he

conveys, he is evidently meant for an accessory to an idea larger still; and the action with which he looks round refers less to any passage in the Pentateuch than to the companions who are not by his side.

There is no doubt that in the eight seated figures of Virtues, Prophets, and Apostles, Michael Angelo had conceived what afterwards found expression on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. Of these it is perhaps to be lamented that the figure of Moses, the un-plastic nature of whose horns and beard rendered him peculiarly unfitted to be seen alone, should, for the sake of a profane compliment to the pope, have been first taken in hand. We must remember, too, that even that portion of the monument to which he was destined would not have formed its principal feature. It is evident that the grand nude figures, of which the Slaves are a specimen, would have been, both in themselves and from their relation to the spectator's eye, the prominent part of the design; thus again indicating that sagacity in the great master which led him to reserve the principal objects for the qualities in which he most excelled.

In the Medici monuments we arrive at the most unalloyed, and, on that account, at the least legible emanation of Michael Angelo's genius. He was nearly sixty years of age when the commission was undertaken, nearly seventy when it was completed—the maturity of his power being as protracted as its manhood had been premature. The recumbent male and female figures at the feet of each duke are the purest development of subjective art the world has perhaps seen. The idea of sleep, conveyed by one of them, has given conventional names to all, yet without the more uniting the others in the sequence of the same thought, or connecting any one of them with the finely portrayed, though strangely selected representatives of the House of Medici above. Sleeping or waking, dawning or setting, watching or resting, these figures lie there, like the grand types of some forgotten fable, surviving all clue to their meaning, and even extinguishing all desire for it. All that we see and know is, that Michael Angelo retired into the innermost temple of his mind to bring them forth, and hence the novelty and the grandeur, the vagueness and the incomprehensibility which render them most true to himself.

Some theory, however, may be suggested

* Vasari, p. 183.

† Milizia, "Dell' Arte di Vedere."

on the nature of that mind itself in its converse with art—a very important distinction in one who carried the vague character of his art into no other phase of his life. As we have said before, the human figure was the sole object that filled the eye of Michael Angelo—yet not the figure, either real or ideal, as we see it in nature, or in the antique, but a Titanic being replete with physical power, and too grandly rudimental to have attained even the nicer distinctions of individual character. Not only did this broad and primeval image of man occupy his eye to the exclusion of landscape, architecture, drapery (in its proper sense), and all other outward forms, but to the exclusion in great measure of that which we consider the crown and glory of the human structure—the head itself. Why else the absence of all variety, and even, with every limb enormously developed, of sufficient size, form, and marking in so many of Michael Angelo's heads? His faces are devoid of meaning, his heads, with scarcely an exception, too small and shallow for his faces.* At that very climax of the work where the character begins, his interest appears to cease. Here, therefore, we have a key to that vagueness which especially pervades the great master's sculpture. No matter how grandly developed the anatomy of the figure, it gives in Michael Angelo's hand no sense of individuality. Everybody has dorsal muscles; there is no speciality in the prominence of a clavicle—the most perfectly formed flexors and extensors tell us nothing. It is to his triumph over anatomy, mechanically speaking, that his comparative indifference to the special beauties of the head may be attributed. Up to the strong throat-muscles in man, and, with him, equally in woman the figure is all Michael Angelo; beyond that we are driven to a succession of negatives in endeavoring to characterise a form of human countenance which is not real—not individual, not intellectual, not spiritual, and, if abstract, not in the sense which the antique teaches. What wonder, therefore, that no portrait, either in color or marble, should be known to exist by his hand; not (we venture to differ from Mr. Harford, who here adopts the insincere flattery of Vasari) because no human head he ever saw corresponded with

his ideas of perfect beauty, but because the true rendering of any natural head demanded a feeling of imitation and observation which lay without the pale of his art-sympathies. Vasari speaks his more honest sentiments in the Life of Jacopo Sansovino, whom he admits to be superior to Michael Angelo in the cast of his draperies, in children, "*e nell'arie delle donne.*"

The vigorous dash of the chisel, so prominent in his unfinished works, makes it interesting to inquire in what mode this iron hand really worked. And the description by an eye-witness, quoted by Mr. Harford, at once proves that the very word "chisel," now little more than a conventional term when applied to a master sculptor, became a reality of the most astonishing kind in Michael Angelo's case.

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year; and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labor, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark that, had he passed it even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole; since any such injury, unlike the case of works in plaster or stucco, would have been irreparable."

Something of this fearlessness may be traced to the unstinted riot of his chisel in the white marble mountains of Carrara. Thorwaldsen once told us that the Carrarese workmen in his studio surpassed all others in the boldness with which they used the tool—"knocking away the marble," he said, "like so much cheese." There is reason also to think that Michael Angelo availed himself little of those simple geometrical appliances to which it is known the ancient sculptors resorted, and by which an inferior hand may translate the most elaborate clay model into marble. He was accustomed to say, borrowing an antique phrase, that "the sculptor should carry his compasses in his eye;" and several of his works—the face of the Savior in the Pietà, the foot of the Moses, and the hand of the same figure upon his breast, and

* The head of the David is an exception in this respect, being rather large in proportion yet without giving the figure the character of youth.

the hand and arm placed behind the Madonna in the Medici chapel—show that miscalculation in the size of his block which resulted from this reliance. It may be concluded in these instances that he worked the marble from models of a smaller size, for Benvenuto Cellini says that, "having experimented in both ways—that is, in making statues from small and from large models—Michael Angelo was at last convinced of the difference, and adhered to the practice of the large models, as it happened to me to witness in Florence while he was working upon the Medici monument." *

In natural connection with his exultant use of the chisel follows the wonderful facility of line displayed by his drawings. His hand had learnt the human form by heart, and obeyed the motions of his will with a readiness analogous to the freedom of speech itself. The hand drawn at once with the pen, by way of sign-manual, to prove to the emissary of the Cardinal di San Giorgio what he could do;† the unmistakable sign of his presence in the form of the colossal head left in the before empty lunette in the saloon of the Galatea in the Farnesina, to show Sebastian del Piombo who had mounted the scaffolding during his absence; the figure of the standing Hercules, designed, as kindly as instantaneously, in a shed near S. Pietro in Vincoli, for a young Ferrarese potter who had done him service, all show the burning rapidity with which the mental image was thrown upon any surface that stood ready to receive it. In these feats, however, judging from the head still preserved in the Farnesina, whatever the marvel, there is no mystery. The eye follows the splendid calligraphy of his will, and, however, surprised, comprehends the result which ensues. But his more deliberately executed studies have a higher power over us. Here the utter disparity of means to end entails that feeling with which we regard a thing above our comprehension. There is nothing to be said before such a Madonna as that preserved in a little side-room in the Casa Buonarroti. Common coarse paper and slight blurs of red

and black chalk appear inadequate to produce the miracle of roundness, gradation, and power which rises from them: the impression of the master's strength growing in proportion to the seeming insufficiency of the materials employed.

There can be little question that in the destruction of the Cartoon of Pisa the chief-d'œuvre, not only of Michael Angelo but of all that human hand has ever produced in such a form, was lost to the world. It was executed in his thirtieth year, when he may be said to have been elate with the possession of his recently-acquired anatomical powers, and eager to display them in a subject which gave them a magnificent field. The cartoon was a new revelation in the history of art! Nude figures, just roused from bathing by the alarm of the enemy, and conceived in every form of hasty preparation: some scarce risen from the water, others hurrying on such clothes as were within reach; others again, forgetting all but the note of war and flying naked to the combat with nothing but a weapon—such a task had never been before attempted, and was produced at once to the utmost perfection. It raised a tumult of astonishment in the artist-world not surpassed, if equalled, by any of his other great achievements, and was studied and copied by a longer list of pictorial celebrities, including the youthful Raphael, than afterwards did homage even to the Sistine ceiling. For this reason, as Vasari says, having become the centre of study as well as of admiration, it was removed from the council chamber into the Casa Medici—now the Riccardi—and placed in the great hall above. The question naturally ensues, How comes such a work of art, so placed, so extolled, so studied, to have been destroyed before the novelty of its beauty had even palled upon the Florentine eyes? The outrage is attributed to the envy of Baccio Bandinelli—he who was considered the best copyist who had sat before it;—but such a deed could not have been done in a corner, nor without the assistance and connivance of many accomplices. The cartoon, mechanically speaking, was no slight thing to attack. Vasari calls it "grandissimo" in size, and we know that it contained nineteen figures which may be pronounced to have been the size of life. Gaye (vol. ii. pp. 92-3) shows, from Florentine records, that fourteen quires of royal Bolognese folio had been sup-

* Cicognara, vol. v. p. 171, note 2nd.

† The drawing of a hand preserved in Paris, and which is known by the engraved facsimile, is not admitted by connoisseurs to be the sketch referred to. The head in the Farnesina is less questionable, though some have ascribed it to that not very expert designer, Sebastian del Piombo himself.

plied for it by a paper-merchant; that two workmen had been employed to put it together, and that three planks of deal had been paid for to protect it in some way. Such a surface must have been stretched upon a strong framework. Vasari says that the Duke Giuliano—he whom Michael Angelo immortalised on one of the Medici monuments—was ill, and that the palace was being restored for the reception of a new governor. But such a residence could not be left at any time without guards. The fact is, that, though art might be lauded and cried up with empty panegyric and far-fetched praise, it commanded no real intelligence, and therefore no real respect. Leonardo da Vinci's famous model of his equestrian statue fell a prey to brutal Gascon bowmen in time of war. Michael Angelo's cartoon was destroyed in a saloon, which it had converted into an academy of art, in the midst of peace. The first was a misfortune which might happen anywhere during a period of violence and foreign occupation, the latter a disgrace which may serve to open our eyes as to the true "atmosphere" of the far-famed Medicean era.

With this cartoon of Pisa perished the only specimen of Michael Angelo's genius in this form. Designs by his hand, both of sacred and profane subjects, form the basis of well-known pictures by Marcello Venusti, Sebastian del Piombo, Pontormo, Daniel da Volterra, and Battista Franco. They do not, however, contribute to the fame of the master; the figures in many of them are clumsy and ungraceful, the compositions unattractive, and the scanty nature of the accessories adds no interest to the scene. In this respect some of these versions of his conceptions strikingly illustrate his inaptitude or antipathy to any forms and objects extraneous to the human frame. The drapery either disguises the figure in puffy and unmeaning masses, with no beauty of its own, or follows it like a skin, with rope-like lines at the principal joints; while an object so tempting to the lover of the classic or picturesque as the Chariot of the Sun is got rid of in the Fall of Phaëton, under the form of a mere shallow trough with four equal sides.

It is not to be expected in these days, when many a tyro in architectural science is unwilling even to admit Palladio within the ranks of its legitimate chronology, that some of

those arbitrary forms of the Renaissance, which owe their origin to Michael Angelo, should really find favor. If, as we have said, the shoulders of his predecessors be the best place for the painter, it is certain that they are the only place for the architect. Here, therefore, the self-reliant, unamalgamating mind of Michael Angelo—who, moreover, did not execute his first tasks in architecture until he was past forty years of age—offers at the outset grave impediments to his career. The worst that can be said of an architect—namely, that he has cast aside the rules which his predecessors respected—was the sum of Vasari's praise for him. Even granting that the art had admitted of any impromptu and newly-imagined forms, the artist who, whether in painting, sculpture, or design, instinctively avoided even the necessary niceties of detail, was not the man to recommend them. But in the field which he now entered that freedom of innovation, whether of rejection or introduction, which the force of his genius had rendered admirable in his painting and endurable in his sculpture, was totally inadmissible. It was no longer a question whether he might shirk the beauties of ornament, or even how he might treat them. The order of an edifice is as the flower to a plant, deciding its genus. The architect, in selecting his form of decoration, expresses not his fancy but his creed; and to mix up several together is to have no creed at all. Far from rebelling, therefore, against such conditions, Michael Angelo, with his well-known antipathy to what he thought the nonsense of art, should the more gladly have welcomed the system which spared him all necessity for invention. His antipathy to precedent was, however, stronger still. The sacristy of S. Lorenzo, in the decoration of which he reigned without control, is a memorial of the twofold anomaly of a form of mind which, while disregarding the canons of antique taste, was more than commonly unfitted to supply any others in their place. The mixture of several orders and the invention of new; the unmeaning subdivision of spaces; the grotesque heads in the cornice of the basement, and the masks and detached ram's horns on the capitals; the strange drawn-out consols, half as long as the doors, in the adjacent library; the doors themselves, with triangular pediments enclosed within circular; all show arrangements by the master for which he had no rule, and a medley to the spectator

to which there is no key. As Wood tersely says in his letters, "Simplicity I did not expect; but here there is neither grace nor boldness, lightness nor magnificence." The vagaries of a Borromini were its natural consequence. Even in cases where Michael Angelo did employ something approaching to a simple order of decoration, he defeats both its meaning and beauty by some adaptation of his own, as in the Ionic capitals on the ground-floor of one of the palaces of the Campidoglio, where the volutes, instead of ranging flat with the building, are made to return, like the form adopted by the Greeks in turning an angle; thus perpetuating the sense of an architectural difficulty where the occasion for it does not exist. Where he had not the temptation of any precise laws to infringe, his conceptions of ornamental beauty do not the more commend themselves to the eye. In those opportunities for spontaneous decoration (we know what our Wren would have made of them) afforded by blank niches and windows, far from revelling in his liberty, he is evidently puzzled to know how to use it. So, at least, we must conclude from the nondescript festoons of scrolls and urns, guttæ and shells, with the papal tiara by way of flower, and the keys of St. Peter by way of buds, fortunately suspended far above ordinary observation on the attic of the external order of St. Peter's.

But though the peculiarities of his mental constitution are answerable for those transgressions unavoidably associated with Michael Angelo's memory as an architect, we must remember that to that great mind are also owing those qualities which ever entitled him to reverence in this form of art—qualities which, though they do little to redeem his architectural shortcomings, rendered him, without question, the best builder, and, in some instances, the finest designer of general masses of his time. Without dwelling on his fanciful comparison, as old as Vitruvius, of the members of architecture to the human body, there can be no doubt of the intimate affinity which connected the structure of his edifices with that of his figures. The same instinctive desire for mechanical truth which rendered him triumphant over the science of anatomy led him also to those correct practical inferences in which the essence of engineering consists. There was nothing to apprehend from novelty of design in this instance. There is no latitude of taste in the pursuit of utility,

as there is no difference of opinion where that end is attained. Michael Angelo becomes here as intelligible as he is great. From the self-sustaining scaffolding whence he called into existence the sublime conceptions of the Sistine ceiling, to the fortifications of Florence, which, more than 150 years later, received the high homage of a careful measurement by the best military engineer of Louis XIV.'s reign, his merits, if they have never been the object of exaggerated admiration, have, at all events, never been disputed. However he may have failed in the external, and what he seems to have thought the more optional graces of architecture, yet in such as flow from the very nature of fine construction he stands unrivalled. The most beautiful form he has bequeathed to us, that of the cupola of St. Peter's, is an instance in point. There is no reason to believe that Michael Angelo discarded Bramante's cupola on the score of inferior grace. What he objected to was its structural incapacity to sustain the required weight; and in the change of form to secure additional strength, followed, in true architectural consequence, additional beauty as well.

We owe to Mr. Harford's folio of engravings the first opportunity of viewing the successive designs for St. Peter's by Bramante, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo, and therefore the self-evident superiority of the last. Those of the two first, while it is doubtful whether they were even capable of being executed, convey a composite conception between the temple and the church, which leaves no leading idea on the mind; that of Michael Angelo, on the other hand, with its grand balance of lightly-rising and firmly-planted masses, offers one of those simple forms of constructive truth whence the utmost variety of architectural beauty may be worked out. Here again the great man puts forth what he knows to be his force in the most prominent light, so filling the mind with the sense of his mechanical skill and unity of design as to render it comparatively indifferent to the minor ornamental shortcomings of the edifice.

Mr. Harford's enthusiasm for his subject is nowhere more judiciously shown than in the clearness with which he has pointed out the superiority of St. Peter's as according to Michael Angelo's design it would have been, compared to the actual building as papal tamperings have made it. The same ill fortune which had attended him through his

other undertakings may be said to have reached its climax here. This great temple of the Vatican, to which he devoted the last seventeen years of his life—a votive offering of his genuine piety—which he had redeemed from confusion and feebleness, and raised up into a model of simplicity and grandeur, fell into ignorant and irreverent hands, incapable of any conception of the architect's intention but that which completely disguised it. Again, the Grand Hall of the Baths of Diocletian, converted by Michael Angelo without essential alteration, into a church—*della Madonna degli Angioli*—of the finest proportions, shared the same fate, being distorted in the last century by one Vanvitelli into the form of a Latin cross, to the sacrifice equally of its original form, and of the master's judicious adaptation. Thus the two specimens most imbued with his energy and grandeur of thought were in great measure sacrificed, while his Florentine edifices, which received the first fruits of his ornamental incongruities, have preserved uninjured the evidence of his deficiencies. Nothing, however, in his architectural career is more melancholy than the results of the banishment to Carrara and Pietra Santa. It is true there is not much probably to regret in the non-execution of that façade, on the preparation of which Leo X. wasted the best years of the greatest man of his pontificate; at the same time a deeper moral is added to the injustice by the fact that, of the five columns which appear to have been the chief fruits of this profanation of his energies, one only reached Florence. This lay for years, broken in two, before the church it had been destined to ornament, and there still lies, we are assured, immersed in the deposit of centuries. The four others, after traversing the road he had constructed never advanced beyond the place of embarkation.

We must be brief in our comments on the fourth element of Michael Angelo's mental constitution. To measure his poetry by the standard of his plastic and pictorial powers, as some commentators have attempted, is as mistaken as it is uncomplimentary. "Subjective," is a term which cannot be said to distinguish an art depending, by its very nature, on the predominance of individual thought and character. The peculiar qualities also of his artistic genius, to the great advantage of his muse, are not visible in his verse. There are no ebullitions of Barsark

energy in his poetic sentiments, no redundant thunder of sound in his verse. The relation of means to end, as in his engineering science, is clearly perceived: he never displays strength merely for strength's sake. Had he only written as he wrought, the world would have added no fourth garland to his brow. It must be admitted that his poetry is occasionally rugged in form—that it is in parts obscure even to an Italian (though for this the lapse of time, which affects the mutable forms of thought, may account), and that the leading signs of his art are in this particular traceable. But no one would pronounce these to be the predominant characteristics of his poetry. On the contrary, his lyric muse is compact in form, while his graphic muse was diffuse: his verse is pregnant with clear meaning, uttering "things," as Berni said of him, while others only spoke "words"—his most lauded art is singularly unintelligible: the language of his hand spurned precedent even of the highest order; the language of his poetry is modelled on the purest types of his native tongue: his poetry considered as the general worship of the Beautiful, justifies the quotation Mr. Harford has given from *Condivi*—"That he not only admired human beauty, but universally every thing beautiful—a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful situation, and, in short, every beautiful thing that can be imagined—surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature as bees do the honey from flowers." No words, on the other hand, could be more out of place, applied to his art.

Here, therefore, that connexion which Mr. Harford has sought to establish between the mind of Michael Angelo and the mind of his time, and which we have repudiated in his art, comes legitimately into view, and is pointed out by his biographer with singular success. All that was real in the sentiments and phraseology of modern Platonism found ready reception in a heart and life alike earnest and virtuous. In his homage to a pagan philosophy there was no self-flattering pride conveniently screening vague principles—no "profane and vain babblings," which disfigure more or less almost every work on letters and art of that time. At the same time we are not inclined to assume that the contrition expressed in those beautiful sonnets, begin-

ning, "Carico, d'anni, e di peccati pieno;" and again, "Vivo al peccato, ed a me morto vivo," refer really to any substitution of the code of a Medicean Platonism for the doctrines of Christianity. Though he was carried along in phraseology, and partially in thought, in that orbit of habit wherein each generation moves, it is difficult to believe that it affected the equilibrium of his inmost heart. He who had known the heart-sickness of hope deferred, and never realised, is here heard acknowledging, not that he had bowed down to any particular form of falsehood, but simply that, having set his affections on earthly things, he had found them wanting.

We must confess a preference for Mr. Harford's faithful translations of Michael Angelo's poetry over the versions of Wordsworth and Southey, who have rather exchanged one beauty for another than kept close to the original. In the renderings of Mr. Harford we have far more of the unalloyed spirit of the great Italian.

The same desire to know only what his theme teaches attends Mr. Harford's interpretation of the bond which united the illustrious names of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna—a bond so far unlike others over which poetry has shed her beams, as to shine with the purer lustré the closer it is seen. If it be insulting to attach the idea of love in its common sense to two such joint names, it is equally as absurd to apply the term "Platonic" to one of the loftiest instances of friendship that ever existed between elderly man and woman. These were the days when no man spoke of his lady as a woman, or of his devotion as a passion; when Cardinal Bembo created a *furor* in Venice and Florence by the publication of his "Asolani," the most intolerably dull book we ever took up, in which six young people of each sex were supposed deliberately to meet, and "ragionar d' amore;"—and one maintained that love was always bad and never could be good; and another that it was always good and never could be bad; and a third that love has the choice of two windows, the eyes, which conduct him to the beauty of the body, and the ears, which lead him to that of the soul; and a fourth, Heaven knows what! and in short, where the twelve hopeful young devotees go on to the end of the book perpetually buzzing about the candle, and say nothing as to whether any of them got burnt. Even

Michael Angelo fell into this jargon, in a discourse he held before the Academy della Crusca, upon a sonnet by Petrarch, beginning "Amore, che nel pensier mio vive e regna," in which he treats the great question as if it were a sort of mental botany, dividing it into order and class, and proving nothing so clearly as that the first of all virtues and the best of all felicities, reduced to such abstractions, was the prosiest thing in the world. But all pedantry ceased with him when actual feeling was concerned. The Marchesa di Pescara, though too high an ideal to inspire more than the tenderest form of respect, was no abstraction to him. No one indeed was less liable at any age to be caught by merely imaginary charms, and no one was richer in the best feminine graces than the highborn, and gifted, and fair woman who, in his own words, taught him, "by fairest paths to tread the way to heaven." The friendship which united Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo, as it comes before us through the long vista of ages, appears one of those forms of poetic justice which even this world affords to its truly great. Each stood upright and unsullied at a time when such principles excited rather wonderment than admiration. Each received in the esteem of the other the highest tribute which the world could bestow.

From the varied aspects of Michael Angelo's genius which we have successively considered, may be gathered, if not the complete mirror of his mind, yet those leading qualities, and especially that one quality of haughty independence, which in him assumed the form of the sternest moral integrity. There is no wonder that disappointment should be the theme, and melancholy the keynote, of his verse. He who hated injustice and disdained the great, who was inaccessible to vanity and self-interest, and incapable of intrigue, was an inconvenience as well as a reproach in the times in which his lot was cast. His whole career was one of ceaseless conflict with the vices of the great and the little, and the intrigues of both. He paid them back by the standing aloof from society, the refusal of favors, and by that "power of despising" which Ugo Foscolo attributes to Dante. Nor was this luxury of contempt confined by any means within his own breast; his tongue never faltered either to prince or pope; what he had to say, like

what he had to do, he said with all his might. The Duke of Urbino insultingly advised him, through an agent, "to make a clean conscience" regarding the money for the monument of Julius II.; the hot old Florentine replied, "Tell him he has fabricated a Michael Angelo in his own heart, of the same stuff that he finds there." Pope Paul IV enjoined him to add some drapery to the nude figures of the Last Judgment; he answered, "The pope had better concern himself less about pictures which are easily mended, and more about the reformation of men, which is far more difficult to achieve."

The power of his will in his later years daunted even those least accustomed to submit. The ambassador from the Duke of Urbino writes, touching the much discussed monument, "Michael Angelo has lately evinced a strong desire to come to Rome and conduct the affair himself; the pope has not yet made up his mind to give him leave, but he, wishing to come, 'sarà finalmente sua Santità forzata di contentarsene.'" Again, in the manuscript of François de Hollande, though receiving its evidence with a certain reserve, we find "Maintenant, si je parle du célèbre Maître Michelange, on taxera mes paroles de fable et de mensonge. Il est pourtant vrai que le Pape Clément avait pour lui de tels égards, que lorsqu'il allait le voir il se tenait toujours debout, craignant que s'il s'asseyait le brusque artiste n'en fit autant." It is impossible not to wonder how such a spirit could submit at all to that tyrannic waste of his time, and that arbitrary appropriation of his hand, which marks his whole career. Here, however, something must be allowed for a state of society in which respect for the artist in our sense was utterly unknown, and more for that energy which, kindling with difficulties, avenged itself nobly on caprice by showing that it could not be taxed in vain.

It was not to be expected that his countrymen should comprehend those trials to which a nature so unlike their own was peculiarly sensitive; on the contrary, his cotemporary biographers lose no opportunity of extolling the supreme good fortune which in their opinion attended the life of this extraordinary individual. What higher tribute, Condivi asks, can be given to merit, than to be contended for by four Pontiffs, one Grand Turk, by the King of France, the Duke of Tuscany,

the Signory of Venice, and other minor powers? And to leave no doubt of what was then considered the highest homage Genius could receive, he gives an anecdote of Julius III. in the next page, which must be translated literally to be believed. "Having access," Condivi says, "to his Holiness, I have heard with my own ears from his own mouth, that, if he should survive Michael Angelo, which the natural course of life renders probable, he would have him embalmed, and kept close to his own person, so that his body should be as perpetual as his works. Which thing, at the beginning of his pontificate, he told Michael Angelo himself, many being present. Nor do I know of anything more honorable to Michael Angelo than these words, nor a greater sign of the esteem in which his Holiness holds him."—p. 48.

We turn from such a story as this as by a natural consequence to that air of melancholy which characterises every portrait of this great man. Men sung his praises and sought his counsel; a younger generation came upon the scene, who knew, in a dim way, that a great Presence still lingered among them; and the nephews of those who had filled his cup with bitterness stood uncovered before him. But the iron had entered his soul. His later letters are full of a stern sadness, for which no infirmity of age, in a mind so vigorous to the last, can account. He is displeased at his nephew's rejoicings at the birth of a son, because "l'uomo non deve ridere quando il mondo tutto piange." The death of his servant Urbino, for whose long services he thanks God, leaves him nothing, he says, but "una infinita miseria." Writing to Cosimo I. of Florence, he regrets not to be able to comply with his wishes regarding the church of S. Giovanni, because he is old and "mal d' accordo con la vita." And if asked to trace a motto under the noble and pathetic head from the bronze bust by John of Bologna, in Mr. Harford's accompanying folio, we should banish all thoughts of his art, his works, and his virtues, and, remembering only those sorrows which have impressed our heart as deeply as his genius, inscribe his own words written at the foot of some plans for a chapel in St. Peter's: "Could one die of grief and shame, I should ere this have ceased to exist."

Our task must stop here. The analysis of Michael Angelo's art and works, however in-

adequately performed, was all we proposed to ourselves. The marvellous eye and hand which battled with so many forms of difficulty have given us some insight into his character, and more still is derived from the study of his verse. Both combined, however, are far from supplying a full picture of his mind. As regards cotemporary biography, we have had reason to see that in this case it is singularly unworthy of trust. The world is therefore thrown on such evidence as his unpublished letters supply. Count Cosimo Buonarroti, their possessor, has recently died, bequeathing, we understand, the Casa Buonarroti and its inestimable contents to the government of his native Tuscany. It is impossible that Michael Angelo's letters should have been better pre-

served and more honored than by his collateral descendant, and it is to be hoped that they will at last be made available to the public. Then, we have no doubt, from our own limited knowledge of these documents, that a better glory than any that even art can bestow will encompass the name of Michael and even Mr. Harford will find the object of his generous devotion still more worthy of the monument he has raised to him. We understand that a second edition of his work is already called for. If it appears before he can profit by the treasury of new material which is now open to him, it is to be hoped that the correspondence of the great painter, architect, sculptor, and poet, will be published later in a supplement.

A MAN BORN TOO LATE.—In fact, I am a poor creature, who could have been well contented, and perhaps happier, in a lower element. I feel like an owl in the broad daylight of intelligence round me, and want to go back to my darkness. I am oppressed with a wealth of all that is elevating and improving—"the burden of an honor unto which I was not born." There are so many things in this age for which I feel myself so unfit. If I go to the Crystal Palace, I am told I go there (or ought to) in order to be edified and instructed; to have my taste refined, my history rubbed up, my mind expanded; to learn the mysteries of form, color, and proportion; to recognise the grand, and to worship the beautiful; but I don't. I have been there several times, but I go to be amused. I come away with a more confused idea than ever of the Kings and Queens of England; they seem to me to have altered the succession. As to the dates of Architecture and Chronology, about which I never was very learned, I now labor under a confusion of persons and places which I should hardly like to confess. Out of the Alhambra I come plump upon Rameses the Great, and passing under the chancel arch of Tuam Cathedral, and then through the door of Romsey Abbey, I find myself in the Church of Santa Maria at Cologne. I gave the guide-book up after that, and have been content since to wander through a labyrinth of paint and gilding, pretty enough, till I find my way to the fowl and ham, turn my back diligently upon the cannibals opposite, and do what even the most persevering searcher after knowledge is fain to do there—eat my dinner. Even the quiet little town near which I dwell is invaded by itinerant lecturers: it's very improv-

ing, they tell me; it don't improve me. They have a choral society there, which does oratorios, and are said to be very promising: I was weak enough to subscribe, and have been once; and I don't mean to go again. Every thing is to be done now, too, by examinations. Unrewarded merit is to be no more permitted. I am seriously afraid of a commission coming down some day to examine me. But I give notice hereby, that if the whole world is to be turned into a vast school, I for one mean to play truant. I shall have to seek some far Utopia, where the schoolmaster does not profess, according to the modern prospectus, to exercise a strict superintendence over his pupils during their hours of recreation, and take my voyage—I suppose in a ship of fools—to some islands of blessed ignorance, whose inhabitants are not yet too busy to enjoy themselves, or too wise to laugh.—*Blackwood.*

THE FEAR OF BEING MISLED.—A blind young lady lately discarded her affianced lover, because a confidential friend informed her that the young man squinted.

A TOUCH OF THACKERAY.—Talking the other night, of a mutual friend, whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Titmarsh said, "Ah! sir, he was a man, take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again."

HOW TO BE AN EARLY RISER. Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no turning over.

CHAPTER XIV.—“AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE,” WHICH EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY DOES NOT APPEAR TO CONSIDER AS THE “GREATEST.”

“The society of girls is a very delightful thing, Copperfield. It’s not very professional, but it’s very delightful.”—DAVID COPPERFIELD.

SUNDAY morning—bright, peaceful, holy—and the crowds of honest country folk wending their way to the sacred edifice; groups of well-dressed people moving on, too; straggling conveyances coming up one by one to the church-gate; charity-children filing along two by two into the building; Mrs. Wyndham and her daughters in their pew; the bell ceasing, and Dr. Wyndham emerging from the vestry-room.

In walks at this juncture Mr. Herbert, rather hastily, and into his pew, where he seats himself in one corner, where he can see the clergyman and the clergyman’s family (though that could not have been essential to his devotions), and where he could not read the monument, causing little Rose Wyndham to ask her sisters after service, “if they did not think it was very odd that Mr. Herbert should never once glance at it, and it is so very beautiful.” At which neither Margaret nor Frances marvelled; for, had it been their case, they could not have looked at it, with so many curious, commonplace eyes upon them—they could neither have looked at it at such a time, in such a place, or in such company.

Now came Dr. Wyndham’s voice, breaking hundreds of reveries, interrupting one or two whispers, with the words, “I will arise.” And so all the congregation arose. The majority were staring at Mr. Herbert, as if he were some natural curiosity, while he stood with folded arms, and eyes fixed now on Dr. Wyndham, now on the pages of a huge prayer-book, with shining leaves, large enough to have verified Miss Jones’ remark, “to pray for us all.”

A few fingers stole slyly up to a few bonnets, for the purpose of drawing out the ringlet ends, which for sundry reasons had been buried in blonde; and all who had their veils down threw them up for a good broad stare at their landlord. The ringleted young ladies might have spared themselves the trouble, for he did not even know they were present, and seemed totally absorbed in the service, scarcely raising his eyes from his book.

Presently the interval came when the churchwardens began to go round to take up the offerings, and Mr. Herbert raised his head to take a survey of his opposite neighbors. Their pew was on a parallel with the hall-pew, as their dwelling-houses faced each other. The five ladies were there—the three grown ones, and the little girls. His eye first rested on Frances, and he had no difficulty in recognizing the part she had taken on the first evening he had seen them. Her eye rested on the window, where the leaves of the churchyard trees “clapped their little hands in glee,” and above them “the sailing clouds went by, like ships upon the sea;” her face had an expression of quiet meditation, that many a restless spirit might have envied. From her his eye travelled on to her mother, whose quiet features bore deep lines that looked like suffering; and he felt that she, at least, had needed the rest she now appeared to enjoy, for no change in her expression took away the sweet look of contentment she now wore. Margaret was looking up mechanically towards the organ, and, although the music was neither good nor well played, and the voluntary one of the most everyday character, still it seemed to please her; and Mr. Herbert rather honored the generous spirit, that could feel pleasure in a performance so very far beneath what she could herself have executed. From the Wyndhams his eye quickly travelled round the church, too quickly to distinguish one person from another, but not too rapidly to be unconscious of the crowd of very well-dressed females that surrounded him.

Like many men, Mr. Herbert was no judge of female dress in detail; he could not judge what would look well when worn, but when worn, he could soon decide what pleased him. The *coup d’œil* struck him on the present occasion, and the mass of colors presented by the grove of flowers, blonde, lace, and ribands, to say nothing of faces, brought him somewhat to the knowledge, or rather recollection, that he stood in a very public position.

Nothing brings humanity to a level more than a few years’ residence on the Continent: there you are no one: you pay a certain sum for what you require, and as you pay so are

you served. Briggs of Sheffield has as good a right to get near the coffee-room stove as you have; and if a church be overcrowded, you are bound, as a gentleman, to yield your snug corner to Mrs. Briggs, and stand the rest of the time: you have no more right to it than any of the hundreds of English people in the place, who crowded as you did to see the pageant. Or, if you go to bed, meaning to enjoy a tolerable sleep, if you were of the blood-royal, you could not prevent those two Smith girls from giving their two very awkward brothers lessons in the "Deux Temps," just over your head. Or, if you start on a pedestrian tour, intending to sink the aristocrat for the nonce, you go on for a mile or two of the road dute valiantly, until a *voiture* dashes past you at full speed, and the mud that bespatters you seems ten times more odious, from the knowledge you accidentally acquired, as they rushed by, that it was the whole Simpkins family, who had lived, ever since your childhood, over their shop in your own town, who were indulging in a foreign tour, and actually scorned the vulgarity of a *diligence*.

Now Mr. Herbert had lived abroad for several years, and had, from habit, submitted tolerably to the equality and fraternity of *table-d'hôtes* and steamboats; and though he never forgot that he was Mr. Herbert, still he had learned that others could forget; and it was only when his pride was wounded, as it had been so recently by the Miss Wyndhams apparently declining his acquaintance, that he at all presumed, even in thought, on his social position. Now he suddenly remembered that he was an object of public observation; and I cannot say he was gratified by the recollection; but he drove down the irritation, by saying to himself, "Another penalty to be paid for five years' waste of time." And very soon the good doctor's deep voice giving forth his text, and the sermon that followed, chained his wandering ideas, and in the train of thought it brought, all present were driven almost from his mind. He remained, with his head bent down in his hands, resting on the back of the pew, until the congregation had almost all dispersed, when he rose hastily, took his hat, and walked out rapidly, passing with hasty strides through the groups in the churchyard, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, for fear he should encounter some greeting which he

could not pass by. He very soon gained the sheepwalk across the fields—then slackened his pace, and walked slowly towards home. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Wyndham and his family came along the road, and the girls remarked that Mr. Herbert had not gained much, considering his hasty and impetuous manner of leaving the church.

"He is reading," said Rose. "I see the sun shining on the gilt leaves of his Bible."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wyndham; "I observed him marking the passages you referred to as you went along."

"Poor fellow," said Dr. Wyndham; "I hope he is interested."

"Why 'poor fellow,' papa?" said Lucy.

"Because, my dear," he answered, "I believe he has been suffering from great mental depression for several years."

"Monomania of any kind?" said Margaret.

"I do not believe it amounted to that, nor do I know the cause; he refused all society for a long time, and behaved in a very peculiar manner."

"I cannot say," said Frances, lowering her voice so as to be inaudible except to Margaret, "that I would much regret his continuing to refuse society, which papa infers he does not."

Margaret smiled, and the subject dropped.

The next evening Margaret and Frances sat with their mother at work in the drawing-room; I am wrong, Frances was drawing, the others working; the little ones were at play on the lawn, their father gone down to the village, when suddenly Lucy ran up to the window—"Mamma, here is papa coming up the avenue with a gentleman;" and the next moment Rose joined them, saying, "It is Mr. Herbert."

The next moment they heard the gentlemen's voices in the hall: Mr. Herbert apologising for bringing business matters at so late an hour, and Mr. Wyndham's eager voice inviting him into his study to see something; when the ladies heard him suddenly break off in the middle of a sentence, and say—

"But stay: Mr. Herbert, have you dined? We have tea at rather a primitive hour—will you join us? It will give my family much pleasure."

"And me also very great pleasure. Thank you, Dr. Wyndham," was the answer.

"They are here, I believe," said the doctor, pushing open the door. "You know Mr.

Wyndham—my eldest daughter, my second daughter. My dear, Mr. Herbert has kindly promised to join us at tea; we are going to my study to look over some plans. Let us know when you are ready."

Mrs. Wyndham's quiet voice expressed her pleasure, and the doctor led the way to his sanctum. It was very fortunate for him his guest had a return to look forward to, or his regret at leaving that social-looking group might have made him anything but a complaisant judge of some of the worthy doctor's schemes; but, as it was, with such a fair prospect in view, he would have consented to almost anything; and he had a vague idea that, by agreeing to all arrangements without unnecessary delay, the probationary period might be contracted, and thus he might have the more time to expend on the cultivation of two new acquaintances.

"Strongly characteristic of papa, I must say," said Frances, "to ask a person like Mr. Herbert to spend the evening in that kind of off-hand way. He does not consider how it might suit with our household arrangements."

"I cannot see why it should not," said her mother.

"Why, here is this great and mighty man, who will probably say to himself, 'What a bore this is; but one must not be rude to one's clergyman; and it would look rather proud to say I would not take share of their meal, offered in that kind of way, too. I must take better care next time; and, then, unfortunately, there are these women—one must be civil when you are at their very table; and, of course, those girls sing vile Italian duets, murdered in provincial fashion, and paint on rice-paper, and crochet the Queen and Prince Albert on bread-napkins; and a good likeness of the Duke of Wellington will be shown on a couvette on the sofa, remarkable for a preponderance of nasal organ; and of course they have photographic likenesses of the whole family, with the ladies' hair done à l'Eugenie, which prevents you knowing which is which, and after you make a succession of blunders——'"

"You take the keys, and get ready for tea," said her mother, laughing at the deficiency of real resemblance in the picture Frances had drawn, and much amused at the young lady's consciousness of their being a shade better than the description.

"Why," said Margaret, "we have not got either the crochet or the photographic likenesses à l'Eugenie, and we need not sing the duets; and papa must be entreated to 'take better care next time;' and you and I will not presume on the occasion; so we will make the best of a bad bargain."

"Children," said Mrs. Wyndham, "do you know what you are talking about? Why, this Mr. Herbert has not a particle of that manner about him; he is one of the most agreeable, unassuming," &c.; and Mrs. Wyndham left the room, reiterating, for the sixth or seventh time at least, her praises of their guest; and Frances, watching her departure with the same chagrined look she had borne all through, turned to her sister, saying—

"It is very odd of mamma, Margaret; she has seen a good many people, and all sides of them, during her life, and yet she never will see when people 'do popularity.' I hate it so, and then mamma always says, 'Frances, you should take people as you find them.'"

"Which is certainly necessary, when Frances has got hold of some prejudice as the foundation," said Margaret, trying as usual, to reason down her sister. "I forget who it is says we hate people we have injured. There is no doubt we trespassed on Mr. Herbert's property, in spite of notices to the contrary, and we do not choose to meet him afterwards; but, for my part, I have been thinking of it since, and I cannot see we have committed any very heinous crime, and I am not quite sure that it even requires an apology; just at first you know we thought more of it than it deserved; we were in as much fuss as if he had found us carrying away the timber, instead of merely sitting under its shadow."

"Very true," said Frances, whose ebullitions of wrath generally vanished under sisterly remonstrance. "At any rate, the trespass is fully reciprocated by our very gracious friend's presence here this evening. With what an air, to be sure, he begged us to remain! I hope he has left that style, at least, in the woods across the stream, for, if we have any of it this evening, I have a presentiment that I shall say something to him that will set papa and mamma on me, with a strong reproof at least afterwards."

"In which case," said Margaret, "I would

recommend discretion as the better part of valor."

"Which I may answer with another axiom," said Frances, walking round the table, fidgeting, with the cups and saucers—"that I always feel bravest when there is no danger, and I daresay I will be as subdued as possible when Alexander the Great enters."

"Alexander the Great," as Miss Frances chose to call him, came into the room as quietly as you could possibly expect Alexander to do, and as there was no such thing as tea in that monarch's time, he has left no precedent for behavior on such an occasion, very fortunately for Mr. Herbert, as it left him at liberty to follow his own precedent, and be pleasingly natural and very unassuming indeed.

The piano was closed; Frances had shut it

as she walked about the room, giving expression to her sentiments on the subject of their new guest, and had carefully brought several trifles, with some books and work from other parts of the room, to give the instrument a look of being rarely opened—determined that nothing short of compulsion should bring any connivance on her part to her sister or herself giving any music. Once Mr. Herbert introduced the subject of music, with a view to the subject taking tangible form, but Frances, with a woman's tact, asked him some question, which brought on a long account of, and discussion on, foreign music. This roused Dr. Wyndham's interest into so long a conversation, that the evening actually passed over, and Mr. Herbert left the house, without a single note having been uttered by voice or finger.

CHAPTER XV.—"PROGRESS," OR STIFFNESS WORN OFF, AND NEIGHBORS BECOMING INTIMATE.

"But behold a change comes o'er him!

Where are all his sorrows now?

Could they leave his heart as quickly

As the gloom-clouds left his brow?

"Up the green slope of the garden,

Past the dial, he saw run

Two young girls, with bright eyes shining

Like their brown hair in the sun."

JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

"Now," said Dr. Wyndham, next morning as they sat at breakfast, "are you not charmed with our guest of last evening? Mamma, what do you say?"

"Just what I said all along of him; you know from that first day he called here I was so pleased with him; but the girls were so determined they were not to like him, that I just gave the matter up, thinking that time and circumstances might bring them to hear reason."

"Margaret and Frances! confess both of you that Mr. Herbert is all, and more than all, your father and mother foretold, and that you are both most penitent for——"

"Really," exclaimed Frances, "this is too bad. Why, the Pope himself is nothing to papa: he first constitutes himself our confessor, and then dictates the very sins we are to confess. Papa! papa! never mention the Inquisition again. If you go on in this manner, we shall begin, as Mr. Whittlefield says, 'to think you are a disguised Jesuit.' Confess, indeed! Pray, begin, Margaret; you have seniority."

"Most reverend father!" began Margaret,

in a tone of mock humility, "I am burdened in conscience with a crime of the deepest dye. I have ventured to be of opinion with Greville, who said, 'a proud man never so much shows his pride as when he is civil.' I have ventured to give my own opinion formed from my own observation——"

"And your sister's remarks," said Mrs. Wyndham.

"For this crime, if crime it be——" Margaret went on.

"A nice penitent, truly. She might with much benefit to herself study the passage in Shenstone, who says, 'Men are often accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.'"

"Is the study of Shenstone then to be my penance?" said Margaret.

"Why—ahem, yes! I have no doubt two hour's daily study of his works, well understood, remember, with a portion committed to memory, will be of much use in detaching your imagination from conjuring up fanciful traits in character. This is the sentence of the court."

"Poor Margaret," said Frances, laughing.

"Take care," said her father, "your turn may come next. I shall wait, however, until I see what effect this literary diet has on Margaret, before I pronounce your doom."

"Something," said Mrs. Wyndham, "of the system Philip, in the 'Heir of Redclyffe,'

put poor Laura on, giving her mathematical studies to strengthen her mind."

"My poor child," said Dr. Wyndham, fondly patting Margaret on the head, as he left the room, "I hope no Philip will ever be found to put you on such a course of study. I could tell him beforehand, that that would be a case in which the court would show no mercy."

In the course of the morning Mr. Herbert called, and neither Margaret nor Frances could accuse him of being anything more or less than agreeable and friendly; and each privately allowed to the other, "matters were much better than they expected," but Frances still maintained her eccentric idea of the Italian duets, including all other music also. It was certainly amusing to hear, during this and several successive morning visits, how she sedulously turned the conversation from anything approaching "the divine gift," especially when her father was present, for she knew, from past experience, that the slightest wish expressed by any one was sufficient to make her father call for some particular favorite, no matter how untimely the hour.

All parties were, however, on pretty familiar terms, considering the recent acquaintances they were; but it had so happened, that the first evening of their acquaintance had been the only one Mr. Herbert had spent at the rectory, when, on his riding one morning to the door, the servant informed him "the young ladies were in the garden," and to the garden accordingly proceeded Mr. Herbert. You should have known Sir Stephen Norris as well as he did, to feel the same surprise on seeing him in Dr. Wyndham's garden, standing beside a seat on which sat Dr. Wyndham's daughters, apparently, from the gay tones of the voices that reached him, all on the best of terms. Sir Stephen was the first to perceive him, and spring forward to shake him by the hand. "My dear fellow!" said one.—"Why! Norris!" said the other. Something in the tone in which the two words were uttered a little discomposed Sir Stephen, and he said, hastily—

"So you have returned?"

"The very observation I was about to make to you; why, I believed you to be still at Whitby."

"Until yesterday I was; I returned last night."

"What have you to say for yourself, that

you did not announce your return to me in person at my own house, and congratulate me on mine. Show cause, Sir Stephen Norris!"

"Believe me, I meant to do so after I left this; as to coming here first, I believe I shall leave my case to plead itself;" and Sir Stephen Norris bowed low to the two ladies.

"Pardoned on its own merits; conditionally, however, upon your visit being at six this evening, when I dine."

"To hear is to obey," said Sir Stephen; and the ladies joining in the conversation, half-an-hour passed pleasantly by. They were speaking of a picture in Mr. Herbert's library. Sir Stephen remarked he would look attentively at it that evening, when a thought occurring to him, he turned to Mr. Herbert, saying—

"Does Mrs. Newton know I am to dine with you, Herbert?"

"No, civil body that she is, how could I possibly foretell that your knife and fork were not laid in Major Westerton's dining-room at Whitby. If I were Scotch instead of English, I might be possessed of second sight, but as to poor old Newton, she has very little sight of any kind."

"In that case," said Sir Stephen, reflectively, "I will not go; fix another day, and tell her beforehand. There is no use vexing her unnecessarily, and vexed I know she would be. Give up the idea, Herbert."

"I shall do no such thing; such a preposterous notion! I say you shall come. Miss Frances Wyndham, I ask your opinion?"

"Why," said the young lady addressed, "I must say, that often as I have read in 'Punch' of gentlemen who dare not ask a friend to dinner, without permission previously asked and obtained from the lady who presided over their domestic affairs, it is quite a new state of society, when the guest takes pains to ascertain the state of the government."

"Ah! it is much better to postpone it."

"But I tell you it cannot be postponed; if you only knew all I have got to say to you, why, a dozen dinners would not give time for a tenth part of what I have to say."

"Then, Sir Stephen," said Margaret, "you would be deferring a feast of reason, which I always avoid doing, on principle."

"Would not the flow of soul be equally deep and sparkling to-morrow?"

"No," said Mr. Herbert; "to-night's is a Cereus, one night only. Miss Wyndham, each evening has its own peculiar blossom.

Now, you see, Sir Stephen, what your provoking obstinacy is bringing me to lose; I must leave this pleasant company, and ride two miles under an August sun, to notify your royal highness's intended arrival, and leave you, too, in possession of this fair field. Do you not think I was born with my fair proportion of envy?"

"Shall I go myself, then?" said the baronet.

"I ought to take you at your word, and send you, for I am sure you do not mean your offer in earnest; but there is another and an easier way, as far as I am concerned. If Miss Wyndham would kindly give me permission to trespass on the bank down towards the river, I could cross that way, and return in a few minutes."

"I am very sorry," said Margaret, "there is no trespass in the case, for, if you recollect, we owe you one, and it would be pleasant to have the debt discharged."

Mr. Herbert laughed very heartily. "Thank you," said he, "you remind me I owe you and your sister an apology for my rudeness that evening. Instead of begging you to excuse the interruption, I in the most consequential manner begged you to remain."

"Which we took as a hint to leave, and vanished directly."

"Indeed, you did; but my impertinence was very great. I assure you, I am ashamed when I think of it, and that is very often. I cannot help going back on it continually."

"Do not, I beg," said Margaret, gently; "we had no right to be there."

"Yes, indeed you had, and I will never consider myself as forgiven, until I know you often cross the brook, and wander about there when a fancy leads you. May I hope, Miss Wyndham? Miss Frances Wyndham?"

Miss Frances was looking highly amused at his eager distress, and began to describe the scene to Sir Stephen, the story interlarded here and there with apologetic remarks from Mr. Herbert, such as—

"You remember, Norris, I had a fancy about that part of the woods—old times you know, and that sort of thing; and I could not bear other people going about it at will; it was like a kind of desecration. But indeed (turning to Margaret) that feeling exists no longer. I would be only too happy. And then, you see, I thought it was some of the towns-people, and I knew I had nothing

to do but to walk past them; it would convey reproof enough. I knew perfectly well there were young ladies here, but it never occurred to me——"

"They were so much worse than the towns people," broke in Frances, mischievously.

"Indeed, Miss Frances," he said, for about the twentieth time, "I do hope in time to be forgiven."

"Frances went on with the narrative. "How we ran," she said. "We reached this seat breathless. I promise you we left few traces of any resting-places by the way. I do not believe we left even a glove behind us, which, if we had had sufficient presence of mind, we might have done, to compensate for the trespass."

"Frances!" said Margaret, appealingly. It was of no use.

"Like the man who stole some geese, and left a bag with some coppers round the gander's neck—

'Good Farmer Page, don't be in a rage,
Nor yet be given to slander;
We've bought six geese for a penny a-piece,
And left the cash with the gander.'"

"Would you have paid on the same scale?" said Sir Stephen.

"You were more honest than you are taking credit for," said Mr. Herbert, trying to keep down his annoyance, and taking out a pocket-book, and from it a small piece of paper with a little sketch upon it. "This trophy was found on the field; and all property left on the ground by a retreating party being by the articles of war the property of the victor, I have retained this."

"Mr. Herbert," said Frances, starting to her feet, feeling now in her turn considerably annoyed, "if you please that is my property; it dropped from my book."

"Was yours, I am aware, but is now mine. Sir Stephen, would you like a peep?"

Frances held out her hand for it, remonstrating as she did so; and, as she told Margaret afterwards, regretting for the only time in her life that, being a lady, she could not snatch at it, for it was almost within her reach. But the gentleman stood coolly looking at it, disregarding her heightened color and evident annoyance.

It was such a tiny sketch; a small, very small cottage, boasting of but one window and one door, with such an inconveniently low roof that two heads were represented as

having burst the thatch and appeared above, and a Newfoundland dog, who looked almost as tall as the house, stood, as if in amazement where he was to fit into, and a bee-hive standing near the gable of the house, brought the bees within a very short distance of the level of the heads of the would-be inmates. Underneath was written, "Love in a cottage. Mine be a cot beside a rill: a bee-hive's hum to charm the ear. This sketch is humbly inscribed, without permission, to a young lady, by her affectionate sister, M. W."

Margaret began an explanation. "I thought Frances required a little correction of a theory she had, so I left that in her book once; but under feelings of strong disgust she cut it out one day, designing it for the fire, had not conscience told her it was a true picture, and saved it from an untimely end."

"That is to say," said Frances, "that I did not want any lesson from you Margaret; it

was only because it proceeded from your pencil that I spared it. The sentiments are odious, and it did not do me the slightest good."

"You are ambitious, Miss Wyndham," said Sir Stephen, as Mr. Herbert laughingly removing his hat to Frances, disappeared down the walk.

"No," she said; "except to have common sense." Frances had walked away, much displeased with the last conversation. "I am sorry to see my sister so annoyed; it was drawn for a jest at first, and it being in Mr. Herbert's possession, makes it more earnest than it deserved, or was desirable."

Half-an-hour after, Mr. Herbert having returned, as the gentlemen were leaving the garden, Mr. Herbert took the sketch and held it out to Frances, saying—

"I beg your pardon; it would be my last wish to cause you annoyance."

"Thank you," she said, and took it.

CHAPTER XVI.—SOME GOSSIP ON ANTICIPATED

PLEASURE, AND CONVERSATION ON PAST PAIN.

"There is no subject in human nature more interesting, than the aspects of the same subjects, seen in different points of view, of different characters."—DRED.

"Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction."—VIRGIL.

"Like pillars tall and brown.

The old trees stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four at noon
On their mossy roots sat down,
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free,
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were
we."

FRANCES BROWN.

"There is no doubt, Mrs. Simpson," said Mrs. Burleigh, "that this is the age of miracles. Have you heard the news? Sir Stephen Norris is going to give a pic-nic."

"A pic-nic?"

"Yes, indeed. Some say it is for the Wyndhams; but I cannot say. I asked Mr. Robert, and he said he really did not know; it might be, but his brother had not mentioned."

"But when, and where? and who are asked?"

"That I cannot tell; Robert told the girls of it last night, and said the Wyndhams were going, which makes me think it is for them. Matilda Jones thinks so too; she is quite cross about it. I do not think she will go."

"She is not asked; but when she is, you may trust her, she will go. But, Mrs. Burleigh, here comes Sir Stephen's man; a note

most positively—I see it in his hand. How slow Collins is."

"The servant is waiting for an answer, madam."

"I will send it," said Mrs. Simpson, eagerly breaking the seal, and reading aloud to her visitor:—"Sir Stephen Norris requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Simpson, and Miss C. Simpson's company at dinner, at Dollington Castle, on Thursday next, the 10th inst. Sir Stephen hopes also for the pleasure of their company at Prenderley, on their return in the evening. Morning rendezvous, Landeris Park-gate, at half-past one o'clock P. M., or Dollington Castle, at half-past three o'clock P. M.—Prenderley, Thursday, 3d inst. Certainly," said Mrs. Simpson, "he is going to do the thing in style. I wonder if Mr. Simpson will allow us to go; you see the girls are not come out yet, and I think this promises to be a very gay affair."

Mrs. Burleigh inwardly hoped it would, for the sake of her own daughters, and determined to hasten home, in case their invitation was awaiting her; so she bid Mrs. Simpson good-morning, saying—

"No doubt we shall have everything in the first style. Just come from Whitby, you may be sure he has made notes of all Mrs. Major Westerton's way of giving these things. I am sure he will get all up in her model."

Beckford Hall. Augusta Beckford reading their invitation to her sister.

"Why," said Julia, "that is a pic-nic."

"Certainly," said her sister; "it could be nothing else. What can he mean by this, or what is the object? What answer shall we send?"

"It is rather provoking to be obliged to answer at once. I would rather take a few hours to decide; but that would be scarcely fair, for of course he will not ask any one else, until he hears whether we can go or not."

"Of course not. You see the worst of Sir Stephen is, he is so good-natured, that he will not leave any one out, and every horror in the village will be asked, and I cannot really see any benefit likely to accrue from five or six hours' association with such *canaille*. It is a great pity that he will mix with all those people—good, bad, and indifferent."

"Could you fancy him going to that party I told you of, which the Joneses gave when you were in London? I promise you, I refused when they asked *me*."

"Very properly; it is all very well for them to be asked here, when papa and uncle will have those conglomerate evenings; but that is very different from you and I going to their tea parties. To tell the truth, I am greatly afraid this Norris affair will be something similar, with the difference of a baronet for your host, which will, perhaps, bring a few more of a respectable class of people. But we will have those low-bred Burleighs, and that detestable Mrs. Simpson, and the two Smiths, and that presuming Dr. Price, to say nothing of the Joneses, who, all taken together, would spoil the best assembly in England. It is quite clear, Julia, that neither you nor I can go, in the morning at least: the evening might be better, and I never was all through Prenderly, which I would take good care to be, if we went an evening."

"I wonder," said Julia, "if there would be any chance of the Ducketts being there? The general is so fond of patronising the Norris undertakings. There is no hope of the Clares. They refused ours last summer. But, Augusta, there is Mr. Herbert; they are such inseparable companions, I am sure he will be there."

"Then," said her sister, "we will go, Julia

in the morning at least; that decides it. But I cannot see any use in going in the evening. One looks so hideous after a day under a burning sun, on a hill like Dollington, too; and I know Mr. Herbert never goes to evening parties. And how could one expect to have any voice after driving home, with a heavy dew falling, sitting in some open conveyance, most likely Sir Stephen's mail phaeton. And then, if we come home to dress, papa will get so cross about the horses having so many journeys backwards and forwards; and if we dressed at Prenderly, most probably we would have to share a dressing-room with some one who would take the pattern of our clothes; it might be those Wyndhams, for all we know."

"Disgusting!" ejaculated Julia.

The door suddenly opened, and Mr. Beckford's head put in.

"Pray, how long do you mean to keep Sir Stephen's servant waiting? Is your note written, Augusta? Give it quickly."

"It is not written, papa," said Augusta, in a measured voice; "we have scarcely made up our minds yet."

"On what?"

"To what extent we shall accept, papa," said Julia.

"What nonsense you women do sometimes talk. Have you any other engagement?"

"No."

"Can you walk up Dollington Hill?"

"Yes."

"Did you ask your mother if she would go?"

"No."

Mr. Beckford muttered something about "patience," and seizing the pen that Augusta held in her fingers, wrote on a sheet of the plainest paper several sentences, in a large sprawling style, sealed it rapidly, and strode out of the room, saying, "There, if you do not wish to go, you can write an apology when your minds are made up."

"Is that the answer?" said Augusta, looking in an astonished way at the elegant sheet of note-paper she had laid out in readiness to receive her pattern caligraphy.

"Yes," said her father, and shut the door violently.

The young ladies exchanged glances.

"I wonder what Sir Stephen will think of that epistle," said Augusta, in a rage. "I

have a great mind not to go at all. I have no idea of being put into a thing in that style," &c.

Turn we to another home-scene, differing somewhat from the last. The same morning, Mrs. Selwyn had gone over, after her early dinner, to spend the afternoon at the Rectory. Margaret was to show her a new pattern for making a child's frock. The loveliness of the day induced them to take their needle-work out-of-doors; and down by the river, under the shadow of the bank, sat Mrs. Selwyn, Margaret, and Frances, chatting as they worked; and a little farther down the stream played Rose, Lucy, and little Nannie. They had sat nearly an hour, when they saw Mr. Herbert appearing through the trees, on the opposite side; and in a moment he stood on the bank, with the river only between them.

"Miss Wyndham, your gracious permission to cross over and join you for a little? I have been all morning over some very dry law-papers, and if you could only fancy how refreshing it is merely to look at you three as you sit so cool and rural-looking, you would invite me over without delay, to complete the revival of my weary spirit."

Margaret gave the required assent.

"I hope I have not interrupted some very interesting conversation; I heard animated voices before I came within view."

"We were just discussing Sir Stephen's picnic," said Frances.

"Was not that an interesting subject?"

"Indeed, we considered it so."

"Why! Annie," said Mr. Herbert, turning to Mrs. Selwyn, "is it the case? I hear you are to be of the party."

"I am," she said; and glancing at the face that showed his surprise, said, "Mrs. Wyndham allowed me; and, moreover, the good doctor will both convey me there and bring me back."

His look of surprise changed to one of amusement, at the deprecating tone of the first part of her sentence, and the sturdiness of the second, so he only said, "Very good; you have placed yourself in the best of hands."

"You know," said Mrs. Selwyn, brightening up, "I never could resist a picnic. Do you remember, long ago, I would have gone to any trouble for one?"

"Yes, you would have crossed the river. She would, I assure you, Miss. Frances, and

made her way to the housekeeper's room where, being a favorite, she generally succeeded in getting a basket packed with provision carried to the elm hill, in readiness for us when we were at liberty to join her."

"Somehow, I anticipate quite as much pleasure from this one as I ever did, as far as I remember, from any of the old ones. I feel quite like my old self again."

Mr. Herbert looked steadily at her: "So you are coming out quite gay, Annie?"

"No," she said, gravely, "not gay, I hope; but Mrs. Wyndham thinks I may go in the morning, and I have declined in the evening."

"Then we shall not meet. I was going to say, if you had your doll, one might have stretched imagination that we were both young again. But that is not to be. I have declined the morning. I do not feel quite strong enough to encounter both; and Sir Stephen thinks I could assist him better in the evening."

"I think you are right; the day will be fatiguing; the ascent to the castle is quite enough; and if gentlemen are scarce, you would be expected to take two ladies up on your arms."

"That," he said, with a bow, "would be the best part of it."

"My present doll, that you see making islands in the stream down below, is to remain here in the care of Rose and Lucy, and they are to be down at my house when I return, to drink tea with me."

"I will be there too," said Mr. Herbert, and you can give me some tea, and all the news of the morning's adventures, that I may be primmed ready for saying agreeable things to the right people, and giving the proper lady in charge to the proper gentleman."

At this juncture, a servant appeared, to ask Miss Frances Wyndham to go into the house, and search for a book her father wanted, when the conversation became more general.

Margaret was constructing a doll's bonnet, and Mr. Herbert leaned against the bank, watching her very expert fingers: at last he made the remark—

"I always thought there was some sleight-of-hand in the making of a lady's bonnet. So mysterious is the surface it presents, I wondered how the mystery ever was acquired. I am more convinced than ever of the fact, for I have done my best to follow the progress of Miss Wyndham's fingers, and failed; and

I can quite understand now why it was impossible to get bonnets to fit the two dolls I brought home. Every shop I went into, either they did not keep them, or could not make them: I was in every toy-shop in Berlin."

"Miss Wyndham is kindly making that for Nannie's."

Margaret raised a handsome doll from her side, and placing the bonnet on its head, held it up to Mr. Herbert. The action was seen by little Nannie, who quickly dropped the lapful of stones she was carrying into the water, flew to Margaret's side, and seizing the doll, regardless of her wet and muddy fingers, screamed out, "O! godfather, is she not lovely? Miss Wyndham, I love you better and better every day."

The elders laughed, and Mr. Herbert praised it quite to the satisfaction of the little one, who carried it off in triumph, to display its new finery. Mr. Herbert looked after her a moment, hesitated, stammered, and at last succeeded in saying, "Miss Wyndham, would you think me very presuming, very—very unreasonable, in fact, very forward, if I made a request?"

"Not likely," said Margaret; "but perhaps I can anticipate your wants; is it a bonnet for a doll? I will be most happy indeed to make it."

"How long would it take—two days?"

"Not two hours; but you must get me a measure of the young lady's head."

"Thank you a thousand times; I will bring the doll in a moment."

So saying, he ran along the bank, crossed the stones, and up the opposite side, as little like a melancholy invalid as could be well fancied. In a few minutes he returned, bearing a doll something smaller than Nannie's in his arms. Margaret began to measure her head with a piece of tape. Mr. Herbert turned to Mrs. Selwyn.

"My little girl will be so pleased; with Miss Wyndham's kind help, I hope she will have it next Monday," he added, in a grave voice. "It will be her birth-day."

"Yes," said Mrs. Selwyn, and all fell into silence.

It was broken by Margaret saying she must go to the house for some more wire; and rising, Mr. Herbert rose too, and assisted her up the bank in silence, and then returned to his seat beside Mrs. Selwyn,

"Do you suppose Miss Wyndham thinks I have taken too great a liberty?"

"No; but you have mystified her rather. I am sure she never heard of your daughter before."

"Is it possible? do you mean to say she does not know?"

"How could she? You have often told me you disliked being the subject of village gossip. I have avoided as far as possible subjecting you to it, by never mentioning your letters or their contents to any one. I have observed the same course with respect to these people, and, as far as I am aware, no one here knows any thing whatever of your marriage. They scarcely recollect the existence of Lota."

"My dear Annie, I scarcely know how to thank you for having my wishes so before your mind, and carrying them out so punctiliously. Somehow, I never thought of any one being in ignorance of circumstances so painfully present to me the last four or five years. Though I thank you from my very heart, I think my own part throughout has been very reprehensible. I have thought very differently on the subject since I came home; the old associations of the place, and then this Dr. Wyndham, have had a great effect on me. There was nothing to be ashamed of in my marriage. God knows I did it from a generous motive, and I could not foresee that she would wound and disappoint me. But let the dead rest; even to you I ought to deal gently with a dead wife's memory. You know all the past, so no more need be said. But I feel as if I had passed under false colors to these people, so, if I do not soon take an opportunity of undeceiving them, you had best do so."

"Then you wish it to be generally known?"

"I had not thought of any but Dr. Wyndham's family, but you are right; however, on second thoughts, say nothing of it at present: I will release you soon. Annie, I am so grateful to you, little woman."

Margaret returned, and after sitting some time longer, the ladies rose, saying it was time to go within-doors. Mr. Herbert walked with them to the terrace-door, passing as they went the study-window, drawn across which was the doctor's writing-table, where he sat now writing. On seeing Mr. Herbert, he jumped up, and went round to the door.

"Come in, Mr. Herbert; what time of

your day is it? With us it is nearly tea-time. Do such Gothic habits suit you?"

"Most happily so; I am open to any invitation, from a monster pic-nic to a social family circle—last not the least, recollect."

"What knowledge have you of architecture? I wish you would assist me a little here, You never saw a poor man so bewildered as I am, between Owen Jones, and Ruskin, and Pre-Raphaelitism, and several more theories, each advocated in turn by their several disciples, so that I now know not what my real opinion was or is."

"Why do you not take some opinions from the ladies? Their tastes might be trusted."

"Trusted! why, it is they who have done all the mischief. I assure you I was getting on delightfully. You know you agreed to all my plans the other evening—such a nice school-house as we were making of it—when, two days ago, I find an extract from Owen Jones fastened to the drawings with a pin, the sure trace of a woman."

Mr. Herbert read: "How manifestly absurd then is the present practice of regarding all these various styles, thus constantly shifting, as so many quarries from which we may gather stones to erect the buildings of the present day! How vain and foolish the attempt to make the art, which faithfully represented the wants, the faculties, and the feelings of one people and age, represent those of another people and age under totally different conditions!" Mr. Herbert looked much amused. "Well, doctor," he said, "I suppose that is tantamount to a condemnation of our very beautiful mediæval structure. There is much truth, doubtless, in the young lady's hint, but I do not feel competent to remedy the error. Suppose we postpone the discussion until we go into the drawing-room, and we will see if the ladies are as good at remedying a defect as detecting one."

"Well, Nannie," said Mr. Herbert, lifting her on his knee, "have you had a pleasant day?"

"O yes! very happy, godfather; it is so good to come here. Mamma likes it, and I like it so much;" and she shut her eyes and tightly closed her lips, to express the intensity of her enjoyment. "You see they are all so nice, every one. Do you not think they are nice?"

"Indeed, Nannie, I do."

"Say which is the nicest, she said, lower-

ing her voice. "Do you like that nice one that makes the bonnets? or that one that makes the rest laugh? or the old fellow that makes the sermons? or the cap-lady that makes Rose go for cake for me? Say, say; I will only tell mamma. Choose which you like; I never know, I take them by turns, and then, when I cannot make it out, I tell nurse Kitty I like mamma best, and that does as well."

"That will just do for me; I don't know about the other people, but I am sure I like your mamma best. But that is a secret, little god-daughter."

"O! it is a nice secret," she said, clapping her hands, and springing to the ground. "Miss Wyndham, is it time for Mr. Herbert and me to come to the tea-table?"

"Come, come, come, good godfather," she cried out, setting a chair for him beside her own. "I wish you would never go away any more, sir; we like you to be at the Hall very much. Though we do not go to see Mrs. Newton and the guinea-fowls now, still you come and see us; that is as good."

"Nannie is right. Mrs. Selwyn, you have not been once to see my housekeeper since I returned. Have I frightened you away? She complained of you yesterday."

Mrs. Selwyn muttered something in reply, not very audible.

"And I have several pictures and two pretty statuettes to show you. When will you come? Mrs. Wyndham, your daughters have expressed a wish to see some old pictures in my house; I should be so happy if you would bring them over some morning, and my two young friends here," he said, making an inclination towards the children.

Mrs. Wyndham thanked him, and promised to come. Mrs. Selwyn looked displeased while the subject was forward, and turned them from it as quickly as possible, saying—"Do you know, Mr. Herbert, the world here accuses you of being the originator and abettor of this coming pic-nic—that you were the invisible agent who did it all?"

"It is a very naughty world, Mrs. Selwyn; I wonder who told that little secret. I would not be surprised if for once the world was correct. Now that I am at home permanently, I mean to take Sir Stephen in hands, and you will see before long what I turn him out."

"A benedict?"

"Why, matchmaking is a dangerous amusement, but, if he is well blind-folded, I have no objection to lead him into the right direction, and after that, if he goes on of his own accord, I neither deserve blame nor praise."

"What do you define as the right direction?"

"Collecting all the young ladies within ten miles into one focus, and staying at home myself, to be neither a tie nor a rival."

"Why, you are coming out yourself in quite a new character."

What a pleasant evening that was. After asking for a doll's bonnet, it was easy to bring one's-self to ask for a little music. Margaret had quite forgotten Frances' satirical remarks of a previous evening, and acquiesced without any affectation: she left her seat in the window, and went to the instrument. The children were out on the lawn; Dr. Wyndham gone back to his study; Mrs. Wyndham knitting; the three others had composed themselves in attitudes of attention.

Margaret played a symphony, why she did not know, but Beethoven's "Adelaide" had been running through her head (as the saying is) all day, and her voice now swelled forth in its beautiful opening. What a splendid theme it is, and how beautifully she rendered it, as passage followed passage of that noble composition; and when the last notes died away, no one remembered to thank her, so much had that gift of wondrous song carried them all away in thought from their present existence.

How disagreeably was the charm dispelled, by the announcement of the arrival of Mrs. Selwyn's maid-servant, to see her mistress and the little one home. Mrs. Selwyn refused to stay later, on the child's account, and it was quite dark besides; so she put on her bonnet, and returned to the drawing room to say "good-night." As she extended her hand to Mr. Herbert, he started up as if from a reverie, saying, "Who is walking home with you, Annie?"

"My servant," she said.

"I will see you there, then," he said. "It's too far for you to go at this hour, with only an old woman."

"No; I often go alone; I shall not accept your escort."

"But I will go; so say no more."

"You will have fully a mile to walk back; I will not —"

"Good-night, Mrs. Wyndham. I shall not disturb Dr. Wyndham, but perhaps you will be good enough to say good-night for me."

They passed out to the hall, and Mrs. Selwyn's maid appearing, essayed to lift Miss Nannie for the purpose of carrying her home, but the young lady struggled and protested, and finally alighted on the floor.

"I will not allow you, I will not be taken by you; after you told me this morning you liked your mother better than my nice pretty mamma. I tell you, you must not touch me; I will walk with Mr. Herbert."

"Nannie," said the nice pretty mamma, authoritatively.

"I will not go with any one else, for he told me he liked mamma better than any one else in the world, and so do I," and with a bound she reached his side, and caught his hand. "It is true, I assure you, every one, and I like him, and the world has grown so pleasant since he came to it."

"It is the shortest way," said Mr. Herbert, who saw no chance of Nannie's remarks being concluded by any other means; and lifting her in his arms, stepped out on the gravel. Mrs. Selwyn, much abashed, followed; and walking beside him, the dim twilight was still sufficient to show occasional glimpses of their figures at the openings between the lime and elm trees down the avenue.

Margaret stood in the window, watching their retreating figures. Frances came and stood beside her; soon the last glimpse was seen. Frances spoke low, and said "Is it brother and sister, do you think, Margaret?"

"Oh no," she answered. "Something more, I would say, as far as I can judge."

And they turned from the window.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN WHICH THE COMPANY TAKE A FAIR START.

"Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?"
MILTON.

"You have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do."
SHAKSPEARE.

NEVER rose the sun on a more beautiful Thursday. Everything in nature seemed dressed for the occasion. A little rain had fallen during the night, brightening the moss and ferns, and brushing up the gay campion flowers in Landeris wood. Every bird was

singing; even the sad notes of the curlew seemed only to subdue the scene; for, as the very breezes passed by, laden with sweet perfume, one could fancy the air almost too redolent with glorious happiness. From their quiet nooks, in tangled brushwood, the little rabbits peeped out, and then scampered away, frightened at the unusual stir and bustle, where hares, rabbits, and pheasants at other times reigned supreme. The great gates were thrown open, and a few chairs, intended for the matrons, placed within; several lots of felled timber were close to the gate, and might serve as seats for the younger part of the assembly. Half-an-hour before the appointed time, Sir Stephen Norris drove up to the place of meeting, in readiness to receive his guests as they should arrive; and shortly after, his brother also made his appearance. They had some time to wait, and the two brothers strolled about, criticising Sir Stephen's new horses, and discussing various arrangements for the day. Sir Stephen felt frightfully nervous. No wonder, it was a tremendous undertaking for so shy a man; but, as there was now no help for it, his only wish was that some one would arrive, for his inactivity was gradually driving away the little courage he had had on leaving home, and, like Bluebeard's wife, he was incessantly calling out to his brother, and asking, in piteous tones, "if he saw anybody coming." After all, he was scarcely there more than ten minutes before the first party appeared in sight—honest, cheery Mr. Whittlefield, driving his wife and two of his fat daughters in a pony carriage. He drew up before the gate; and without exchanging words with any one, drew from his pocket a massive gold watch (it had been his father's), and replaced it in his pocket, saying—

"Good! Halloa! Sir Stephen! here we are; good time, you see—twenty minutes before one; nothing like being early. I said to Mrs. Whittlefield and the girls this morning, 'Now all you be ready at the precise moment of twelve, for I start then. Many a person I have known miss a train by being late, and late no one in my family shall be. Supposing the pony should cast a shoe, or anything of that kind happen, why, twenty minutes would scarcely set us to rights; and, please goodness, we will all leave this house with

three-and-twenty minutes to spare.' And, Sir Stephen, I tell you we have done it to a second; I drew in the pony the last half-mile on purpose."

"But, Mrs. Whittlefield, am I only to have the pleasure of seeing two of your daughters?"

"Indeed, no, thank you, not at all. Miss Smith kindly promised seats to Bessy and Letty. You will see them presently; and, unfortunately, Kitty is still at her aunt's, and little Mary has whooping-cough, and it would not do to bring her."

Sir Stephen murmured a reply.

The next arrival was the Burleighs; then the Smiths; then the Coopers and Mr. King; then, on foot, came the Misses Jones, and with them Miss Holmdon, who walked with them to the rendezvous, to join Mrs. Wyndham, under whose wing her grandmother had placed her for the day; then came Dr Wyndham and his ladies, and with them Mrs. Selwyn; next was seen Mr. Beckford's carriage, and close behind, Dr. Price in his phaeton, bringing two officers from Plimton; and before these had alighted, Colonel Wilmot dashed up in his handsome mail-phaeton; and Sir Stephen found no reason to complain of compulsory inactivity: he had as much to do as one man could possibly accomplish.

"Ah! Sir Stephen," said Colonel Wilmot, throwing the reins to his servant, and jumping down, "a very fair assemblage, upon my word. Have we not got a glorious day? favorable to Venus and Cupid, that is clear. Do you not thank me for coming in the phaeton, when it was such a day for a gallop. But I thought you might like the seat for some one. I congratulate you on the idea of the rendezvous here; it is only in England people are so unsociable as to find their own way to the dinner-ground, in family parties, and find their way home again in the same order afterwards; when, if you have no conveyance of your own, you may stay at home, and if you had a hundred seats to offer, you have no one within five miles who wants one. It is really worth driving two or three miles out of one's way to enjoy such a scene as this. We have the two extremes of nature and art;" and he glanced slyly at his two nieces, whose overdressed appearance entitled them to be included under the second head. They were having a whispered colloquy; it

ended by Julia going up to Mrs. Selwyn, who sat beside Annette Holmdon, on a felled tree, and saying—

"Whose is that carriage with the black horses?"

"Mr. Herbert's."

"I thought so. Where is he?"

"At home, I daresay. He is not coming."

"Not coming at all?"

"I believe he has some thoughts of being at Prenderley this evening."

Julia conveyed the information to her sister, adding—

"I am very sorry I wasted my new bonnet; this sun will destroy it; all for nothing, too."

"Indeed, yes," said Augusta. "Julia, I never was in an assemblage of more vulgar people. Except ourselves, there is not a respectable person in the whole set. Now, Julia, recollect, if I was to be torn by wild horses, I will not, I am determined, sing one note to-day; of course, there are a good many people who have come with the expectation of hearing us; but any voice that I will have left, after talking to even the half of these people, I will reserve for the evening. One's voice is just lost screaming on the top of a hill; and the pillars in that room at Prenderley will throw out the sound delightfully. I think 'O bid your faithful Ariel fly' would, after all, be the best; and when you see me going to begin, you might complain of a draught, and get the windows all shut, for of course there will be a dozen people at least complaining of heat. If it was only for a few minutes, you know, get it done, for where I have to 'scale the mountains,' if people will have open windows, the effect is quite lost; and I will be on the watch to do the same by you. What can they be waiting for now?"

At this juncture Mrs. Simpson's phaeton drove up; the fourth seat of which was occupied by a red-headed, vulgar-looking child, a boy, apparently about nine years old. His mother led him by the hand, and advanced to meet Sir Stephen, who was hastening out to assist the unlading of the phaeton.

"Sir Stephen, I have taken the liberty of bringing my son John. (John speak to Sir Stephen.) He has never seen a ruin, and he has learned all about the castles the Romans built in our island, and having such a laudable desire to gain more information about them,

I brought him to-day; and I have brought several books of reference with me, and will be happy to lend one for the day to any lady or gentleman who is disposed to take an antiquarian view of the remains."

Sir Stephen led her to a seat, simply saying, "I am glad to see you, John;" for some more arrivals required his presence at the entrance.

There were a very few more who had not arrived, but so few, that Sir Stephen began to arrange briskly how they were all to go. A group of the girls were seated, chatting and laughing, on the tree-trunks. Sir Stephen came up.

"Miss Wyndham, may I have the pleasure of driving you to Dollington?"

Margaret bowed her assent.

"Miss Rolleston allow me to introduce Captain Loftus."

The Beckfords could scarcely contain their surprise. They had been only dubious for the last week which sister he would take: Augusta was the elder, but he might prefer Julia, and they could scarcely credit their senses that they had rightly understood what had passed. He stood a few minutes chatting, as if in an irresolute mood; then he turned suddenly to Fidelia Burleigh, who sat on one end of a tree.

"Miss Burleigh, have you looked at my new horses?" and he offered her his arm in a most decided manner.

How surprised she was. She had never taken his arm in her life; she often had his brother's; but Sir Stephen was so shy and diffident, and so reserved. She rose, took the proffered arm, and walked away, followed by the wondering eyes of some of her late companions. Her sister was almost handsome; but she was quite plain. On a few steps until they were out of hearing, and then Sir Stephen, dropping the formal manner at once, said:

"Fidelia, I am going to put something to the test. Not exactly good nature: something more, I am afraid—feeling, perhaps. Do you think you can stand the test?"

"I hope I will; thank you for thinking I can," said she, softly and pleasantly, unexpectedly gratified at his kind manner and frank use of her Christian name.

"I believe Robert has promised himself the pleasure of driving you in his tax-cart"

(she blushed a little); "he told me so. Can you divine my request?"

"To yield my seat," she said, "and go in some other conveyance!"

"You are aware to-day was arranged as a sort of festivity in honor of Dr. Wyndham's family; that, you see decides for me to take Miss Wyndham, so do not accuse me of undue selfishness. After them come various families, to whom I owe first civilities, greater strangers than you, my dear girl. I look to you for assistance. Robert refuses, but——"

"Do not say anything more," she said. "I am more gratified by your asking me to do it, than if you had allowed your brother his own way."

"Thank you, a hundred times; remember you are engaged to come back with me this evening, unless you prefer trying the tax-cart. And remember the first evening or morning party you give, I am engaged for any number of hours, to dance with wallflowers, or drive conceited young ladies, or any bore you choose to arrange for me. Now, you have seen the horses, and it has given you quite a color," he added, laughing, as he led her back.

On their way they met Colonel Wilmot.

"Have you got a companion, Colonel?"

"No," he said. "I expect you will exert yourself in my behalf. Remember I do not want stout ladies, that I have to lift in and out again; and as I have not the face to propose to a young one, I will take any pleasant man you know. But, if ladies, remember I will not have my nieces; so be active."

"Miss Fidelia Burleigh I request you will take, and take good care of, too; do not run away with her either, for I am in a kind of way accountable for her."

Colonel Wilmot expressed pleased acquiescence, and Sir Stephen led her to her former seat. He walked round the group. "Miss Beckford, my brother hopes for the honor of driving you to Dollington;" he did not say pleasure, as he had in his own case—honor was the word, and the strong emphasis he used amused Fidelia very much.

There were still several young ladies unprovided with escorts, and they were naturally becoming rather angrily excited at seeing all the gentlemen portioned with all the ladies except themselves. Julia Beckford was one. She thought Robert Norris a very poor allotment for her sister; but her own case was growing much worse.

Sir Stephen was still bustling about.

"Miss Jones?"

"Thank you. I believe I shall try Mr. Herbert's carriage."

"Mrs. Selwyn?"

"I am under Dr. Wyndham's care."

He had passed and repassed Miss Holmdon, now as if going to speak, then suddenly changing his mind, and going on to some one else; then coming back, then addressing her next neighbor instead, so on a dozen times at least, until at last quite unexpectedly he stopped and spoke to her. "Miss Holmdon——" She raised her head with a proud, stony look, and waited for his continuing. He stammered: "I should apologise for leaving you so long unprovided; but the gentlemen I expected—I meant—I wished——" She looked steadily forward. She would not help him in one stammered syllable, but waited stiffly. "In fact, has not arrived—has disappointed me, on your——"

"It is unnecessary," she answered, in a slow, measured voice. "Mrs. Wyndham is good enough to take charge of me. I go with her."

He looked at her a moment, murmured some reply, and turned away. Margaret Wyndham stood listening, and watching the girl's face. He felt uncomfortable under the glance of those quiet eyes. It was a relief to cross over to Colonel Wilmot (who had been, with the natural interest of a military man, inspecting the new arrivals of his own cloth), and say—

"I took you rather at a disadvantage, Colonel, just now. It was scarcely fair to propose a companion to you, in a lady's presence; but it was a dilemma, I assure you forced me into it. You are as good a judge of appearances as I am; and my conjecture from them is, that the young lady is very likely to become my sister-in-law. I cannot say she is the kind of wife that I would choose for myself; but Robert pleases himself, and why should he not? There seems very little of any thing particular in her; but I believe her to be thoroughly amiable, and they will do very well together, I have no doubt. I have insisted on Robert giving up her company on the road, and substituting your eldest niece. Not wishing to depreciate her, however, in the eyes of the Landeris world, and not being able to take her myself, I turned to you.

I knew your kindness, and take it as a personal favor to myself your honoring my brother's intended, for such I prejudice her to be."

"You are right, and quite sure of my co-operation. You with Miss Wyndham lead the way, and you will see an old soldier not very far behind."

"Really, Julia, I would prefer seeing you at home, I think you will have to go with mamma after all. Intolerable inattention, to leave you to the last. Sir Stephen is very remiss."

Julia looked thunderbolts.

"I must say, Augusta, it is very improper to accept invitations to drive with gentlemen, without referring to one's parents first. You have *carte blanche*, I daresay, to go as you please. But for young ladies who set up for such pieces of propriety as the Miss Wyndhams! I think the way that eldest one consented was scarcely consistent."

Sir Stephen positively electrified her, by speaking quite close to her ear: "I quite agree with you, Miss Beckford, so I took care to have Mrs. Wyndham's consent beforehand."

A sound of wheels was heard, and oh! astonishment! General Duckett and Mr. Henry Duckett drove up.

"Better late than never," cried their host; "we were about to start without you."

"And no wonder," said the General, advancing, and shaking hands round and round. The party were all grouped round the gate, preparing to start. "My sister and brother-in-law were unexpectedly detained at home, but will drive by the cross-road, and meet you at the foot of the hill."

The Beckfords exchanged glances, and Julia was transported to find herself handed over to the tender mercies of Mr. Henry Duckett, though very angry she would have been, had she known he was first proposed to Miss Holmdon, and refused a second time, in pretty much as positive terms as she had before answered Sir Stephen.

"Only imagine the Clares coming, Julia; I am quite glad I had on the bonnet, after all. But what can bring them to such an assembly?"

"It is ever the way: good-natured people always meet more good-nature than any people I know. But for my part, as it is not one good-natured person in one hundred who

knows what is due to them, I would not be good-natured for the whole world."

Certainly there were no symptoms of such a complaint.

Mrs. Burleigh was unable to contain her astonishment when she saw Colonel Wilmot hand her second daughter into his phaeton, and she could not assign any probable reason for such unprecedented promotion. Equally so were the Colonel's two nieces, who exclaimed loudly to each other at the vulgar companions their uncle had selected.

"Just like him!" they said.

Meanwhile three very little ladies were having a doll's dinner in the Rectory garden; greatly enjoying the long holiday; when suddenly Mr. Herbert appeared among them.

"Children, would you like to see the company all driving to Dollington?"

"Yes! yes!" they cried. "Oh! if you please."

"Run;" and he lifted Nannie in his arms, and, followed by Rose and Lucy, ran down the garden walk. He got them quickly over the stepping-stones, and up to the front of the house where stood a pony and cart that had been his brother's "lang syne." He placed the children into it, climbed up himself, and lifting the reins, drove off down a back entrance, every jolt of the cart drawing forth screams of delight from the children, who were in a state of excitement at this unexpected adventure. At last, at a turn of the road, he stopped, tied the reins to a branch of a tree, hurried his little companions down to the old porter-lodge, and astonished the inhabitants by walking in.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Eaton. I have brought these little people to give them a sight of the ladies and gentlemen who will drive past." (Oh fie, Mr. Herbert, to make these children an excuse!) "You may run about until you hear them coming, and then you must come in, for it would not do to have you seen."

Past they came, one after the other, Sir Stephen heading the cavalcade, Colonel Wilmot close behind; and Mr. Herbert stood in the window of the lodge, the three children in front, circled with his arms to prevent their bursting out; their curls forming a shield from under which he had a stolen peep at the party. He thought he felt such a strong interest in the party he had assisted to organise, that he would like to see how they all

started. Without doubt, the Landeris air was making him into a gossip. Yes, that was how the case lay. He could have no particular interest in any one of the party more than another—not he. It was merely a charitable interest in a friend's party—nothing more. How little those four ladies, who so complete-

ly filled Mr. Herbert's carriage, dreamed that the gentleman on whose absence they congratulated themselves and each other, as it gave them the entire freedom of his comfortable carriage, was looking at them, much amused, as they drove by.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

"Ah! Trot," said my aunt, shaking her head, and smiling gravely—"blind, blind, blind!"

* * * * *

"Ah! Trot," she said again, "blind, blind, blind;" and without knowing why, I felt a vague unhappy loss or want of something overshadow me like a cloud."—DAVID COPPERFIELD.

"Why—home, Annette, so soon?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"Did you not arrange to go with Mrs. Wyndham?"

"I did not care to go, I was so tired, and—and I have had so many hours of it to-day; and—I thought I would be home in time to tell you everything before you went to bed."

"But, my dear child—Sir Stephen, what will he say?"

"I sent an apology by Mrs. Wyndham."

Half-an-hour passed, and Annette still sat by her grandmother's chair, detailing the various events of the day. To the old lady everything seemed so smooth, so charming, the day and its pleasures, that she said, as she kissed the girl's forehead—

"Good-night, my love; you have had such a gay day; I am so glad of it, everything appears to have gone off well, and you have enjoyed yourself."

"Good night, dear grandmamma."

"Only, I wish you had gone to Prenderley. I suspect it was on my account you came back. Go to bed, darling—pleasant dreams;" and the old lady shut her door.

"Pleasant dreams!" Annette said, as she walked along the lobby. "I have had too many of them already;" and as she spoke, hastening her steps, she ran to her own room shut the door quickly, set the candlestick on the table, and flinging herself on her knees by the bed, buried her face in the clothes, and burst into a violent fit of sobbing. "Oh! how foolish, how mad I have been! Oh weary, weary day. Heaven forgive me, I hope I do not hate them. If I could but pass years over, and feel myself and all this old. What to do, to whom to turn? Poor

grandmamma, she at least must not know what I think; I am so unworthy. What could I have been thinking of—vain, vain, vain; and still she knelt, and sobbed, and moaned, and finally subsided into calmness, relieved by the violence of the outbreak; and the longing for some kind heart who would receive her sorrows, and counsel her, without being so wounded as her aged grandmother would be, passed away. She felt thankful that what she had suffered and thought was confined to her own bosom, and she lay down to rest, praying for strength to go through what her own heart told her must come to pass, from what she had seen that day.

When Dr. Wyndham drove to Mrs. Selwyn's house that evening, to leave her at home, the door was opened, and the three children ran joyously out to greet her. "It is tea-time, mamma," said Nannie; "and we are all so hungry," said Lucy; "and Mr. —" But Dr. Wyndham stifled Rose's information with a gentle "Hush, my daughter." He did not see any use in Miss Jones, who was in the phaeton also, hearing that Mr. Herbert had come down to see Mrs. Selwyn, and drink tea with her. After seeing them together a few times, he divined how matters stood; and not wishing the poor unprotected little woman should be exposed to more remarks than necessary, he crushed the announcement in the bud, and bidding Mrs. Selwyn a smiling "good-evening," drove away.

"So everything 'went off,' as the saying is, most charmingly?"

Tea was over, the children had run off to play. Mrs. Selwyn still sat behind the tea equipage; and opposite, with his chin resting on his hands, his elbows on the table, his eyes fixed on Mrs. Selwyn's face, listening to an animated general description of the party she was giving, sat her guest.

"Yes," she said; "and did quite well without you."

"Thank you; I have no doubt. I know

at least four people who rejoiced in my absence—besides you, I mean,” he laughed heartily.

“Who?”

“The four stout souls who went in the britzka.”

“Who told you? But indeed it is true. They congratulated each other all the way, I am told, on the circumstance. How did you know?”

“I saw them,” he said, “and divined from Mrs. Simpson’s and Mrs. Burleigh’s gesticulating conversation, and glance at the gate as they passed, what their opinion was. But I am conscious of being a social killjoy.”

“You are improved and improving.”

Mr. Herbert related his surreptitious peep at the cavalcade, very much to her amusement, and then asked her, “Who took care of you?”

“Dr. Wyndham; he is so thoughtful and kind. I have no loneliness of feeling when he takes me up, which he does at all times when he can; it brings back those dear old days again.”

“God bless him,” he said, in a husky voice. After a minute, he said, in his usual tone. “And the other young ladies?”

“Not all quite to their own satisfaction, I am afraid. I heard Miss Smith say to Miss Rolleston, ‘that, for her part, she saw an end to all comfortable civility since those Wyndhams came to the country (this was when the two were toiling up the hill without any assistance); that formerly the Landeris gentlemen had some idea of paying general attention at parties of this kind; but that now, if those girls could take four arms apiece, they should have them. As it was, it was quite bad enough—she was sick to death of them; even Sam had taken the general mania, and never ceased talking of them, their figures and their faces, their music and their conversation, as if no one could talk or play except them.’ She was quite indignant, and not unduly so, considering the weakness of human nature, and the provocation received. Mrs. Wyndham was a little behind, leaning on Sir Henry Clare; Mr. Robert Norris and Colonel Wilmot had exchanged partners, so Miss Frances fell to the Colonel’s care. Miss Wyndham was far in advance with our host; so, you see, they had a goodly proportion of the *élite* of the assemblage.”

“How did ‘mine host’ comport himself?”

“Chivalrously and courageously, I assure you; he came out prodigiously in his attentions to Miss Wyndham.”

“To Miss Wyndham! Very good. How would that do, Annie?”

“What?”

“Sir Stephen and Miss Wyndham.”

“Oh no; I hope sincerely not.”

“Why not? I assure you I have been watching it with much interest since I came back.”

Mrs. Selwyn pondered a moment.

“Your idea is new light; it never occurred to me before; so many circumstances rise to confirm your opinion. Annette, my poor child, I see now why you were so positive in declining Mrs. Wyndham’s chaperonage to Prenderly, begging her instead to be the bearer of an apology.”

“Annette! Why, do you mean Miss Holmdon? What of her?”

“Have you not seen Sir Stephen’s attention in that quarter? But perhaps not; they have almost ceased lately.”

“But are you quite sure? People are often mistaken.”

“Not, I think, in this case. It would be a breach of faith to go into particulars, even to you; but this I can assure you, that for twelve months he seemed most devoted; and from his manner and conversation, I would have said he left no room for doubt in the matter. From what I have heard him say to Mrs. Holmdon, he evidently wished her to understand him.”

“Did she?”

“She did. I know it.”

“When did those attentions cease?”

“Since the Wyndhams came. I have no other data.”

“You amaze me; how was it? I never heard the thing whispered.”

“Because it was not known; I am more intimate with them than any one here, so I came to be aware of it; no one else is, I hope. Better so, when matters have taken the present turn. I see you are right; Sir Stephen is incessantly at the Rectory. It never struck me before.”

“And this is the end of my friend, for so I held him, deeming him at least true and honest. Oh, Annie, I begin to think there is no truth in man. I blush for my sex.”

“All the world is not so bad, though.”

“Not all, I hope; but a great part of it is.

Shame—shame upon him; I did not think him such—such a ——— It is well you were present, Mrs. Selwyn; I was about to use a very strong expression with regard to him. I shall never hold the same opinion of him again. Oh, Sir Stephen, you are little better than Vaughan Hesketh. Do you think Miss Holmdon suffers?"

"I am afraid she does.

"If one could but do her any good; she is young and gentle, and seems so unfitted to bear a struggle. There is no distress, or scarcely any save bereavements, among the lower class, that cannot be relieved by charity; but one feels so powerless to help sensitive beings of our own class. I wish I could do her any good."

"It is too late, I fear; besides, what could one do?"

"Do you know my opinion of Miss Wyndham?"

"No;" and Mrs. Selwyn looked up a little curiously.

"I think her a girl of most generous mind, singularly so. I cannot but believe, did she know the case—that is to say, supposing her own affections were not too deeply engaged—she would be the last one to stand in the light of another's. I have at least faith in her, judging from what I have seen; if some one would give her a hint——"

"Yes, but who would do that? And then consider how it would compromise Miss Holmdon."

"You know Miss Wyndham very well, and I am sure," he said, smiling, "there does not live the woman who could more delicately convey such a meaning. Girls, I am told, are always talking of such things as love and matrimony; could you not introduce it as if accidentally?"

"I am afraid you do not know very much of 'girls,' when you think people can interfere with impunity in such matters. Give it up, Vernon; It will not do."

"Impunity! if that is all, I do not fear it. I am not one of the 'girls' you seemed to think I mentioned so disrespectfully just now;

and rather than it should not be done, I would do it myself. Besides, Sir Stephen deserves a little punishment. I would like to administer it very well."

"How, pray?"

"Why, by exposing his conduct to Miss Wyndham, and letting her into the truth."

"Very good: but have you considered by what right you interfere between Miss Wyndham and her admirers, and the probable construction that would be placed upon it?"

He understood her, and sat silent, his brows knitted together. She rose from her seat.

"And now, most doughty Don Quixote, it is half-an-hour beyond the time at which you had promised to come to the aid of several distressed damsels, who are doubtless dejected, and sighing for their valiant knight, and you have two miles to drive, and one to walk, before you meet your carriage—I beg your pardon, your charger, I ought to say, for such a mode of conveyance would be most fitting; but truth will out. So good night;" and she extended her hand. "Remember," she continued, "you have a noble field to-night, room for any feat of daring, of tongue or arms. I shall hear from you to-morrow, writing to me like Julius Cæsar, I came, I saw, I conquered. Good-night."

"Good-night; but, indeed, I am more inclined to go home than to Prenderly. I would not wish to insult my host, and I dare not trust myself, I feel so wrathful at him. I am sure I shall be anything but an assistance to pass the evening pleasantly."

"By no means; don't visit your indignation on innocent heads. Be as agreeable as you can to the ladies, and leave Sir Stephen to his own conscience, and the fates. Believe me, dear friend, it is no case for you and me to step into. Heaven knows, for Annette's sake, I wish it were. I could not help laughing at you, but for all that I feel it as strongly as you do." He was almost gone, but she called after him—"Do not quarrel with Margaret, remember."

What did she mean?

CHAPTER XIX.—HIGH SPIRITED.—DIE LÜGENMAEULER SOLLEN VERSTOPFET WERDEN.

"She's pulled down a bit since she come," said Karen. "She's got her mind up high enough, any way, for all she's gone through."

"Who haint," said Clam? "Haint the governor his mind up high enough? And you can't pull him down, but you can her."

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 49

"His don't never need," said Karen.

"Well, I don't know," said Clam; "but them high minds is a trial."

THE HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC.

"Quarrel with Margaret! What nonsense

some women talk at times, even the best of them. There was no occasion for Mrs. Selwyn to say that. Did she think he was going to Prenderley to pick a quarrel with Miss Wyndham, because Sir Stephen Norria had chosen to act badly? If he chose to deceive a lady with a supposed attachment for her, and then leave her for the first new fair face he met, that was no reason why the fair face was to be blamed. Far from it, however he might condemn his friend. As Miss Frances Brown said—

'I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake,
In a poor false world like this to make—
And how our friendship sped
It matters not;'

So he determined it should make no difference in his estimation of the lady who was not in fault. No! certainly not; Miss Wyndham had nothing to do with it.

It is a bad symptom in any favorite dogma, if the advocate be obliged to assert and defend it very strongly; it is not always that it bears defending, but oftener that it requires it. It is like the social position of a *parvenu*, too fragile to be left to stand on its own recognisances, and requires stout battle to be done for it strongly and frequently. This great battling makes people suspicious. Do not "Fanny Fern," and the "Family Herald," and other sentimental publications, assure the public, day after day, that the only wife a man will or ought to take is one well versed in every homely household knowledge? Ah! will and ought are different words; even with the additional weight of the starched maiden lady who drew the Lucilla in "Cœlebs" as a domestic pattern, we see the men of this day setting all these wise women's saws at naught, and marrying pretty, useless dolls, for any reason in the world but the housewifery attainments. Let no one suppose, however, that any constraint is here meant to be laid on men's choice; they may marry whom and how they please; we don't care; we never yet saw the wife we would change places with. But we wish merely to call attention to a popular fallacy, *en passant*; so now "*revenons a nos moutons*."

Mr. Herbert, in his heart, would he but have confessed it, felt a little incensed at Margaret Wyndham (where is the man, we ask, who would not—it is but human nature), not as an accessory to the theft of a heart, but as the receiver (though innocent of the know-

edge) of stolen goods. And you know, good reader, that men, though professing a most charitable blindness to a lady's fault—too gallant to do otherwise—still in secret accuse the syren who, Surline like, charmed the warrior into the stream, where the sweeping current carried him remorselessly away.

So several days passed on after the Prenderley gaieties, and Mr. Herbert went little to the Rectory. He called one morning, but there were other visitors present, and he made a short formal affair of it, and soon rode away. But he knew that, though his visits had declined, another gentleman's had not; for it seemed, as he fixed his glass and looked towards the Rectory, that a man incessantly walked up and down holding the bridle of that fine black horse; it seemed as if he never missed them from the door, the man and steed; but the horse was never put up now as it used to be, and his master rarely staid till evening, as in the days of early acquaintance he had often done. "She was right," he said; "it was no business of mine, and I am sure Miss Wyndham would not thank me for advising the dismissal of a baronet. Well, I am disappointed in them; I did think them more unspotted from the world. Sir Stephen! I have no words for him; he is a thorough villain. Faugh! he is, he is."

"Really," he said, one morning, as he stood about half-past seven o'clock trying to peer through a mist, that covered the earth that autumn season, into the Wyndhams' garden, "there is no denying it—John would scarcely believe, were he even here to see it; but I am growing a most inveterate gossip. It must be the air of the place; nothing else I know would account for it. I will very soon be slipping down to the village in the evenings, to have a little quiet tea and scandal from the Joneses, for I grow absolutely worse and worse every week. It is a very vulgar vice, I know, but it is most irresistible."

Now the idea of the very exclusive Mr. Vernon Herbert standing half-dressed for the space of half-an-hour in his dressing-room window, trying to make out the features of that slight man who is walking about his neighbor's garden, it is very low, very low indeed; and he walked from the window, and proceeded most rapidly to complete his toilet. Down stairs to the library. Ha! the first stride is to the window. Well, Mr.

Herbert, you have renounced that habit, of course; I am sure you are quite unconcerned, though you see the morning mist clearing away, and the sun breaking forth and lighting up the distant hills, and nearer home shining on the tinted brown and amber leaves along the river bank, and revealing two figures pacing up and down the long walk in earnest conversation. It is one of the girls, but which? Her large straw hat conceals her face—their height is so similar, and they so frequently dress alike; her hand is resting on the man's arm, and still they pass to and fro. Oh, that a quick breeze would strip every tree bare for the nonce, till a clear view could be seen; but, then, alas! there is no hope, for there are hollies, and those tall stately yews, and those laurel-trees, and there is a gigantic straggling branch of mistletoe growing out of that oak, and waving over the girl's head as she walks, an emblem of past Christmases, and many more perhaps yet to be in the same company she now is in—perhaps only. God knoweth. But they take no heed even of the mistletoe. Many a time they have jested of being taken under mistletoes, but there is no jest now. Quiet earnest talk, grave subdued words and wishes, hope beating high in young hearts (it is ever so), a little fear intermingled, and much glad, or would-be-glad, anticipation of a day yet to come, they pray: so the minutes pass, and then the loud voice of a bell, the prayer-bell calls them back to the house, and thoughts and words back to real house life now. They pass in, and the mistletoe sways backwards, and sways forwards, all unconscious of the golden hour those young hearts have passed beneath its shadow, an hour fraught with pain, as all such hours on this earth must ever be. But an intermingling is necessary; the true metal needs some alloy, or it would not stand the wear and tear, the rubbing and stamping, the coin requires to pass current even among men.

Breakfast seems to be over. They are all out now, and in the warm autumn sun they can sit under the tree on the rustic seat. An hour passes; they are all there still. Yet a little, and the two girls are sitting on the seat; the slight gentleman sits between them. At the end of another hour, they are all gone within-doors.

Another hour, and Mr. Herbert rides under the elm-trees along the graveled pathway, up

to the Rectory-door. The servant answers his summons—"No one within," she says; "they are gone out to drive." So he rides away home, alone; he had allowed his curiosity to lead him there, and now he must go back without finding out what he wanted so much to know. Fie! fie! naughty gentleman; what business is it of yours who the gentleman is who seems so intimate, and walks arm-in-arm, with your pretty neighbor? You have nothing to say to them; one is most likely to be Lady Norris, and you have a dim vision of Mr. Henry Duckett sitting in the recess of a window at Prenderley, whispering very suspiciously to the other. You had better console yourself for your disappointment, and take a gallop through the woods. The whirling leaves dancing before and around you, and the showers the mischievous wind is scattering on your head, are in good unison with the wayward, uncertain ways of women; and you may see another emblem of them in the changed colors of the foliage, that only two or three weeks of autumn have brought about.

He saw no more of the strange visitor, and the next time he saw the Wyndhams, they made no mention of any guest in particular, and all went on as usual: Sunday, with the church services and the customary devotions; Monday like many a previous one; Tuesday like Monday, and Wednesday like Tuesday, and so on till Sunday again, till autumn had merged into an early winter, and the trees in the Rectory garden were bare enough, too bare; for now in the damp chilly days the girls were little in the garden, and poor Mr. Herbert felt very lonely. Whether it was owing to the cold weather, or to other influences, is not known, but he did not see the black horse led backwards and forwards as much as formerly, and often, when he felt inclined to call at the Rectory, by the time he rode to the door (the autumn rains had covered the river stepping-stones), he would find the young ladies were out walking. Mrs. Wyndham, whom he most frequently saw, would tell him that she wished the girls to walk early in the day the afternoon fogs were trying, and they were not too strong. And so by degrees the intimacy of those summer days had under autumnal skies assumed a bleaker aspect, and unconsciously perhaps it was, but he saluted them rather formally when they did meet.

One day he was sitting with Mrs. Selwyn, when Miss Cooper drove to the door. He had never liked her, so he rose at once, intending to make his escape, when Mrs. Selwyn implored of him to remain.

"You know," she said, "Miss Cooper prides herself on 'speaking her mind,' and she takes such extraordinary subjects to speak her mind upon, that I always prefer having some third person present, to turn the conversation, or to give me courage. It is scarcely fair to ask you, but I am sure such a fine day will bring some visitors who will relieve you."

He sat down again, and Miss Cooper came in, but several minutes elapsed without anything very disagreeable being said, and he began to think it was quite unnecessary to remain any longer, when he was suddenly released by the entrance of Mrs. Simpson and Miss Jones, and he very gladly made his escape. About half-an-hour after, he was returning, and passing the cottage, saw Mrs. Burleigh's phaeton before the door, which brought to his mind that he had some business with Mr. Henry Burleigh; and he being from home, it would be necessary to obtain his address. He ran in, and placed his hand on the handle of the drawing-room door. What a buzz came from within of voices! all seemed speaking at once. He opened and entered. The company had received some additions; besides the ladies he had left there, Mr. Smith and his sister, and Mrs. Burleigh and her daughters, had joined the circle.

It was evident something quite out of the usual course of events had taken place; and, though there was a slight suspension of hostilities when he appeared, the matter was too important to be easily laid aside, and in a moment all tongues went on as before. Mr. Herbert stood hat in hand at the window, waiting vainly for an opportunity of addressing Mrs. Burleigh, who was in an excited tone, relating something to Mrs. Selwyn, interrupted at intervals by corrections from Miss Jones and Miss Cooper—who would each most willingly have been the narrator themselves—and ejaculations from Mrs. Simpson of "Did you ever?" or from Miss Smith of "I never!" and the confusion produced to the listener by the obscurity of their nominative cases, would have distracted even those who had been present at the commencement

of the *raconte*. "And she said—no, I am wrong; it was you who said that." "But I beg your pardon, they both said," &c.

"And now, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Burleigh, suddenly wheeling round on him, "what do you think of the affair?"

This was said in a triumphant tone, as much as to say, "We knew how these people would turn out, though some others that shall be nameless did not."

"Of what affair, ma'am?" he answered.

"Of this Wyndham business; did you not hear?"

"I! no, I have heard nothing. I do not even know what you allude to."

"A wanton insult," said Mrs. Simpson.

"Most insufferable people," said Miss Jones.

"I would not bear it," said Miss Smith.

"This it was ——" said Mrs. Burleigh.

"You might let me tell," said Miss Jones; "it was with me it took place."

"But it was in my house," retorted the other lady.

"I heard it all, every word," broke in another. "I can tell you ——"

"Why," rushed on Mrs. Burleigh, determined on carrying her point, "we had a few young friends yesterday evening at my house, and naturally enough we asked the Wyndhams—the two elder girls—and a very pleasant evening we were having, as those present can testify;" and she looked round at her sympathising auditors.

"Very," they one and all said, anxious for her to get on with the story.

"Tea, and coffee, and sally lunn, and light cake, and these kinds of things, were all over, and some of the people were having a game of 'old maid' at one table, and Miss Smith had been good enough to sing, and Mr. Smith had been playing spellicans with Sarah ——"

"All that was over," said Matilda Jones, growing impatient at the details.

"I am coming to it present'ly," said Mrs. Burleigh, indignantly. "And we had even discussed whether it would be advisable to have a quadrille or not. As we had not many gentlemen, and the Wyndhams did not dance, and might not like it, we had given that up, and made arrangements for a game of 'post,' and were very nearly beginning it, when suddenly my attention was drawn to one corner, where Frances Wyndham and Matilda Jones were in talk, by hearing Fran-

ees say, 'Could it not be that your informant was under a mistake?' and Matilda saying, 'That is what I never knew him to be, so it is very unlikely he would be so in this case —'

"But," said Matilda, "that is not the beginning; I will tell —"

"I am telling what *I* heard," with a withering glance at Miss Jones for interfering.

"The way was this," said Mrs. Simpson. "Miss Jones —"

"I beg your pardon," said Leanora, "did it not begin with Miss Frances Wyndham?"

"In a way it did, but——;" and Miss Jones was silenced for the moment by Mrs. Burleigh.

"Well, the next thing was Miss Wyndham saying, 'Oh, I thought she did not answer that at all.'"

"But I heard —"

"You are telling it all wrong."

"You have not heard it yet."

And that at least was true; and Mr. Herbert saw little chance of any advance being made; each was determined to prevent the others from telling, and also to be themselves the historian. At last, Miss Cooper, in the most strongminded way, by dint of raising her voice to the very loudest "sol" that Mainzer ever sung, obtained a hearing, for a few minutes, and by plunging right into the middle, carried most of the assembly's votes with her.

"It was all about General Duckett. Miss Jones told what he did in the Indian war; and Miss Wyndham professed virtuous indignation at any one maligning so worthy a gentleman and officer: and Miss Jones was determined she should not have it all her own way, and told her so; and Miss Frances said she did not like false statements to get into circulation about so dear a friend, when a small word from her might correct the mistake: and Matilda said —"

"Indeed," burst in that lady, "I was bent on settling *her*. She had not got a fool to deal with. As if any person could not see what a fine thing it was to do battle for a general, and call him your particular friend, and not choose to hear any disagreeable truths about him. So, to put her down, I told her the General was my particular friend, too; and were I not certain the information was correct, I would be most reluctant to circulate

it; but, seeing it was true, he could not expect people would be dumb about it."

"And then she said something about being sure of the information being correct; but Miss Jones soon took that leg from under her, by saying, she had her information from an officer of high standing in the British army."

"And her next point was, perhaps there was some mistake as to the name; but bless you, my friends, I was not so easily put to silence. I gave her quite enough of it, I can assure you."

"And would have given more, had not your brother prevented you," said Miss Cooper.

"But of what," asked Mr. Herbert, "was General Duckett accused?"

"During the Sikh war —" said one.

"After the Affghan war —" said another.

"It was the time of the Cabul war —" said a third.

"No matter where," said Mrs. Burleigh; I daresay they are all the same place, called by a different name. Where is not the point; but he did it. He was general, or brigadier, or colonel, or some of those ranks where they have to send to head-quarters the names of some of the officers who had distinguished themselves, as being worthy of promotion; but instead of sending them according to merit, he merely chose out the aristocratic ones, and forwarded them, and the only ones of the more plebeian class he put forward were those with whom he had dealings about money matters. Indeed, there was a great deal said about gambling, too; that was the worst part."

"It is a grave charge to bring, Mrs. Burleigh," said Mr. Herbert. "I wonder you are not afraid to speak of it. Do you know that could your last clause be proved, he could be disgraced and excluded from the British service; and that an action for slander brought against you would most unhesitatingly be given in his favor? and you can suppose what the damages would amount to. I do not think it possible such a thing could be concealed to this time, so I agree with Miss Wyndham; there must be a mistake somewhere. The officer you speak of as having told you is not doing his duty, if he conceals such knowledge; especially one of, as you tell me, "good standing;" his word would carry weight with it."

There was dead silence. No one cared to

speak any more just then; the idea of an action-at-law was too terrible a thing to be calmly contemplated. Still Miss Jones had no wish to be defeated thus ingloriously; she would make one struggle more.

"The Wyndhams are so 'stuck-up;' I cannot stand their ways. And I am sure my brother's word is as good as theirs any day; for I have no objection, as we are among friends, to state, that my brother, Captain Jones, of the Royal Artillery, was the person I heard it from; though I would not gratify that spiteful girl, by telling her who it was that told me."

"Really," said Miss Smith, "for perfect strangers as these Wyndhams are, to attack an old resident thus, it is too bad; don't you allow that, Mr. Herbert?"

"Why," he said, in a good-humored voice, "Miss Smith, we must make allowances for the General being an old friend. We must place ourselves in her position, and see how we would feel. I am sure there is not one present here who would not be ready and willing to defend an absent friend, too."

"Pon m'honna," said little Mr. Smith wriggling about, and rubbing his hands, "she's game; 'ponna word she is. I never saw such blood, such spiwit; pwsositively I adore it. Swir, you would whave dwone so twoo, whad you wheard her; 'pon my lwife, she's diwine."

"Quite too much spirit," said Mrs. Simpson; "any young lady who allows her color to rise so, and get into such excitement about nothing at all, shows a great deficiency of moral training. To argue for at least a quarter-of-an-hour, quite regardless of all the people who had gathered round to hear what it was all about, shows a want of modesty and feminine feeling. I should be sorry to think any daughter of mine would ever conduct herself after such a fashion."

Just at this juncture, Mrs. Selwyn's maid entered the room, and handed Miss Jones a note.

"Dr. Wyndham's servant left it at your house, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones sent it down."

Miss Jones eagerly broke the seal, glanced over the contents, and then read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS JONES.—On reviewing with my sister our conversation of last evening, respecting General Duckett, I am afraid that, in the warmth of my defence of our oldest friend, and my sister's godfather, I

may have been led to make use of some expression which might appear intended as personal towards yourself. Should such have been the case, I regret it extremely; it was never meant; for I am perfectly aware that no one holds in common with me a higher respect and veneration for that gentleman than you do; and I have the more pleasure in saying so to one in whom I am sure he has, and will ever find, a warm friend, notwithstanding the charges alleged against him. Yours, my dear Miss Jones, in all sincerity, very faithfully,

"FRANCES WYNDHAM.

"Landeris Rectory, Friday Morning."

One looked at the other in dumb amazement. Such an extraordinary proceeding on the young lady's part had no precedent in the annals of Landeris. And it was so totally unexpected, that really no one had a word to say. Besides, Mr. Herbert's manner had rather implied a defence than a condemnation of Miss Frances Wyndham's warlike measures, and no one wished to commit themselves by giving an opinion in his hearing. But as to that gentleman, he cared not what they said: he had heard enough, and without mentioning what he came for, shook hands rapidly with some, bowed to the others, and hurried away. How proud he felt of the fine, magnanimous creature, with her fresh, young blood, maintaining what she considered right for her friend, and yet with such a modest distrust of her own manner of doing it. He would not for the world have staid to hear one comment upon her note. What cared he what they thought: he only saw the petty spite, the low malice, the narrow-minded indignation, of the vulgar party who condemned the young lady so vilely, for what any one should have done under the circumstances. He could not see what harm there was in what she had done; and he longed to go and shake heartily the fair hand that penned that lady-like apology for a fault never committed. That, too, was a curious compound; and he had no doubt, from its paradoxical character, that her sister had been present at its composition. There was dignity in the first clause asserting itself, which then descended to contrition, and the triumphant woman's "last-word" clause at the conclusion, maintaining still the mere allegation of the charges; the fine, high, proud spirit that could tamely bear no insult to one she loved and honored so highly. And then he laughed again at the

astonished expression on the countenances of the whole coterie, when the note was read; the note brought forth by the exercise of a most unworthy spirit in Miss Jones.

None knew better than he did how little the Wyndhams valued externals; their treatment of himself was a good example of that. And now for the first time it occurred to him, that where he had felt hurt at their supposed neglect of him, in preferring the society of almost any one in the parish to himself, the truth was, they scorned to seek to intrude themselves on him; and he had also a clear perception of the animadversions which another course would have subjected them to.

Oh! the petty malice of little minds!

Mr. Herbert walked on, and soon Miss Jones and friends in the village were half-a-mile behind, and the late conversation was almost half-a-mile behind too, for he was now pondering on some improvements he meant to make on his property, and he walked in that direction, in order to look over the ground. Presently he descried in the distance, far on in the green lane in which he walked, four figures, that he well knew, very well; for through many summer days he had watched, first from curiosity, afterwards from a stronger interest, their busy movements among the trees on the farther side of the river close by his own house.

He was about to hasten after them, when the sight of a horseman coming from the other direction meeting the Miss Wyndhams, and reining in his steed, checked him. The black horse and his master again! No! wrong for once; it was only Dr. Price, who, after a few moments' conversation, made his parting bow, and rode on. "This idiot," muttered Mr. Herbert between his teeth, "will keep me standing an hour, and they will be beyond overtaking when he lets me free." On rode the complaisant doctor, and on walked the waxing wrathful squire, who muttered, "in for boredom," as Dickens writes it. But what a pity so much wrath should be wasted! The physician rode up, merely slackening his pace to say, "Good-morning, sir. I beg your pardon, I am riding hot haste to see a patient; life and death; good-day!" and swelling with fancied importance, Æsculapius dashed on. "I wish your patient joy!" said the relieved pedestrian, and only waiting to put a turn of the

road between them, fairly ran. As he neared the objects of his pursuit, he trod on the grass, so as to be up with them before they were aware of his vicinity. Then he saw the fourth figure was not Rose Wyndham, as he supposed, but a little girl, quite of the humbler class, who walked along most unconcernedly by the young ladies side; and what not a little surprised him, Margaret and Frances each carried a tin can. A moment's reflection suggested that the little girl might be the child of one of his own laborers, and the pails might be hers; but what had the young ladies to say to them?

"Pray allow me," he said, extending a hand towards each can.

"No, thank you," said Margaret; "they are not heavy."

"But I cannot see you——"

"I am very self-willed, Mr. Herbert; so pray do not be shocked at my pertinacity."

"You will be shocked at mine; but will you not, Miss Frances Wyndham——"

"Is equally obstinate," said that young lady, "and equally obliged."

"Are not all the blackberries over?"

"I believe so, but these are not blackberry cans; they belong to that child," pointing to where she had fallen behind.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Mary Bloss, sir."

"Where are you going, Mary Bloss?"

"With father and brother's dinner, sir, to the bean-fields."

"Is the dinner in the cans?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why do you allow these young ladies to carry them, when I am sure your mother told you to do it yourself?"

"Please, sir, Miss Wyndham offered. I hurt my foot, and it is hard to walk so far on it, with the dinner too; the road is long and rough, sir, from home. Please, sir, I will take them now; I did not know it was any harm; Miss Wyndham took 'em herself."

"Nor is it," said Margaret. "Mr. Herbert, I will feel grateful if you do not tease the child. You see you have quite frightened her; and carrying these does us no harm."

"Nor would it me, if you would allow me."

"But you are Mr. Herbert, you know, sir," said Lucy.

"And you?"

"We are only the Wyndhams."

"Well, little lady, wherein lies the difference?"

"We are not proud, sir; at least my sisters are not."

Mr. Herbert laughed, and her sisters called out, "Oh! Lucy!"

"And I am, I see, too proud to be kind—eh, Lucy?"

"Oh no, sir, you are very kind, and that is what I do not understand of you. I never saw a proud person kind before."

"What do you call being kind?"

"Doing the things for people that they like and want most, or something they never knew how much they wanted before."

"Now, had I met the little girl, and given her a shilling, she would like that, and still she would not have known before how much she wanted it. Would that do?"

Lucy shook her head. "I cannot bring the right words, sir, but I do not think your kindness would be the right kind: it would not help Mary to the field, nor have told her how to heal her foot, as Margaret did."

"Quite right, little woman; you are quite a philosopher. So you think I am proud?"

"A little, sir,"

"I must get your sister to give me a cure for that, as she did for Mary's foot. Now, if she would let me have a can to carry, that would be a beginning."

"The beginning must be postponed," said Margaret.

"It is very odd," resumed Lucy, "that you should say that, for Frances said she thought the cans were doing her good, too; she had something the matter with her to-day, called out of sorts; I do not know if it is a painful thing —"

"Indeed it is, Lucy. I must confess, Mr. Herbert, to that most unamiable of traits: I am exactly as Lucy says—'out of sorts.'"

"You are the most amiable personification of the malady I ever met; if you could see me under the affliction, you would pity me."

"And myself, too, I dare say, for having to endure such society. On the same principle, I pity every one most sincerely."

"Be quite certain we require your pity."

"Please, Mr. Herbert, do not contradict me. I cannot bear it very philosophically to-day; I give you fair warning."

"Nor last night," he said, slyly glancing at her rising color.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert; indeed I could not help that. I scarcely know how it all came about."

"I beg your pardon," he said, seeing tears standing in her eyes: "I should not have alluded to it;" and turning to Margaret, talked volubly for a few minutes, giving Frances time to recover herself, and then by degrees drew her on to join in their conversation.

Presently they came up to the gate of the field where Mary was to part with them, which she did with grateful thanks; and Mr. Herbert, quite forgetting the forester, who had already waited one hour for him, to come with his projected changes ready for explanation, and forgetting all but his fair companions, saw them to their own gate, and then hurried home, to dress for a family dinner at Prenderley.

"They are a strange compound," said Sir Stephen, confidentially, after dinner to Mr. Herbert. "I always considered them as rather proud, until I heard an anecdote of them that Dr. Price had been telling, about them carrying dinners to the laborers in the field, in tin cans. Price seemed to think it rather '*infra dig*.' I do not know quite what I think myself."

Mr. Herbert related as much of the particulars of his walk as he thought would be judicious, and then Sir Stephen at once decided it was not "*infra dig*."

"I must say," Sir Stephen went on, "that Miss Jones behaved in a most unwarrantable and unladylike way last night. I wonder Miss Frances kept her temper at all, under the very abusive allusions and accusations levelled at her family and friends. She did her part most nobly; you would have admired her beyond all present, had you heard how nicely she spoke, in how ladylike a manner, and yet how bravely she stood up for her friend. I would be a proud man, Mr. Herbert, if I thought I could ever attain to such a point of friendship with any of that family, as to deserve, or even to hope, for one-tenth part of what Miss Frances said being ever said or thought of me."

Mr. Herbert laughed, and his thoughts involuntarily ran back to a conversation he had held with Mrs. Selwyn the evening of the Prenderley party, and by a natural progression, he thought next of his morning visit at the cottage that day, and he gave Sir Stephen

a slight sketch of what had passed, saying, as he concluded—

"Defence was useless, in an ordinary way; besides, they did not deserve anything bearing the semblance of conciliation, and I was very glad it occurred to me to suggest to them that they ran the risk of an action-at-law. I knew it would be the best chance of stopping the whole discussion; self-preservation is a grand provision of nature in men and women, as well as in the brute creation. I tried also to look as grave as possible upon it."

"I am convinced, if they each gave expression to their fear, it would be that you would probably tell General Duckett, as you know him very well, all that had passed, with what each had said about him, the next time you met."

"A very wholesome fear, if they do; but fortunately the General and I have other and better subjects to discuss when we meet. I should be sorry to do such a foolish thing; it would perhaps annoy him, one cannot be sure; and I do not consider what a knot of old women, or young ones either (begging their pardon), in a country town, say of one to be of much importance, more especially as his world and theirs, in a mental as well as a social point of view, are as diverse almost as St. Giles and St. James."

Of course Sir Stephen agreed, which he generally did with those he honored and liked, as he did Mr. Herbert; and their conversation lasted much longer, with pleasant results to both gentlemen.

ALEXANDRIA, FEB. 26.—I have been so long below the horizon whereon *Athenæums* weekly arise and shine, that I am ignorant if the English world has yet been enlightened concerning an interesting discovery made here in the last month. It is that of a very ancient Christian church excavated in the hill on which Pompey's Pillar stands. A short description of its condition, as I have just found it, may perhaps seem worthy of a place in your columns.

The church (or rather chapel, for it is extremely small) was originally cut in the rock of which the hill is formed, and which much resembles tufa. A shaft, some ten feet square and twenty feet deep, was made, and the base of it we may consider the centre of a very irregular cross. On the west were two narrow staircases, one ascending and the other descending. The chancel-arch and that of the south transept are elliptical, depressed almost to flatness, as are those of three recesses occupying the three sides of the chancel. In the place of the north transept there is an apse, or rather, merely a broad niche with fan-shaped roof and small Ionic pilasters at the sides. The chamber opposite this, however, is the most singular part of the church. It is about twenty feet long and eight wide; and on each side and at the end are double rows of deep holes in the walls, evidently intended for the insertion (*lengthwise*) of coffins, as they are precisely of such size and shape. They are in all thirty-six in number. None of them seem to have been applied to their proper destination, of which, however, notwithstanding the singularity of such an application of a transept of a church, there can, I think, be no doubt in the mind of any spectator. The effects of the chamber is curious:—a transition between a Roman columbarium and a modern English vault. In the corner, between this transept and the chancel, there is sunk in the ground a large and deep stone cistern, which I conclude to be a font. The chancel contains some frescoes and

Greek inscriptions much effaced; and on the apse is still visible a representation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes; but on the walls of the chancel-arch are two life-sized frescoes of much greater interest. One of these represents a winged figure,—I suppose an angel,—the other, Christ resting on a staff. They are both in very fair preservation, and, though third-rate specimens of it, they belong undeniably to an earlier and far better school of Art than any with which we are acquainted, after the classic period till the Revival. The lines are broad and effective, the altitudes and draperies simple, and the drawing tolerably correct. In all these respects, and even in the slightly exaggerated size of the heads of the figures, they appear perfectly to resemble the inferior Pompeian frescoes in the Museo Borbonico. Assuming, as I think we are compelled to do, the very early date of this church (at all events prior to the Arab conquest), it may be of interest to remark that the face of Christ is by no means the conventional one. It is dark, with black hair in large, short masses over the ears. His name is written close beside in Greek, so there can be no doubt of the identity.

Suffer me to add the regret that so little interest should be excited by the ruins of this once glorious city. Within a couple of hundred yards of the great European square, a few workmen are now digging out the foundations of a new house. In the *rubbish* they had thrown away, I found shafts and fragments of capitals of white and colored marble columns, and a marble bas-relief some three feet high, broken carelessly across and flung aside. No one overlooks the Arab workmen in these excavations which go on every day. An ancient Alexandrian palace (say that of poor, martyred Hypatia) would, it seems to me, be worth the trouble of a little remark ere its costly marbles are broken up to mend the roads.

F. P. C.

—*Athenæum*.

From Punch.

THE DOMESTIC OPERA,

OBSERVING, with great satisfaction, that it is intended this season (as it is always intended every season) to "make a struggle for English Opera," *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to English composers whether, instead of causing their poets to ransack foolish or immoral French books for objectionable plots, and wedding their melodies to disreputable matter, it would not be better to try to carry their music to the homes and hearts of the audience. In order to assist in this carrying process, *Mr. Punch* has framed the *libretto* of an English Domestic Opera, and he proposes that it shall represent An English Morning at Home. The subject, treated as the exquisite poetry deserves, will ensure the composer's immortality, and any *Maestro* desirous of illustrating the manners and customs of English Society, can apply by letter, post paid, for the terms on which the following may become his.

The Overture should commence with a series of dissonant sounds, representing a few of the street noises which make it impossible to sleep after 7 o'clock; the yell of the water-creecees woman, the shriek of the milkman, and the howl of the pot-boy, Then pleasanter passages, descriptive of bells ringing for hot water, children emerging from their rooms, and jumping about the stairs, the hissing of ham, or sausages, mewing of kittens, songs of canaries, etc., and then generally harmonious and agreeable music should indicate the matutinal meal.

ARIA D'INTRATA.

Papa (preparing to go). The hat-brush, pray,
Who takes away?
Each day I make the same complaint;
To find it took
From off its hook,
And not put back, would vex a Saint.

While *Papa* (a baritone) brushes his hat,
Mamma improves the opportunity.

DUETTO.

Mamma. My dear, there's one thing you forget,
So often, that 'tis really funny.
I would not put you in a pet,
But could you let me have some money?
Papa. I thought you'd cleared away each debt:
I find the subject no ways funny.
So oft you ask, I'd really bet
A woman thinks one's made of money.
Mamma. A hat for *Sue*, new boots for *Loo*,
That nice new hutch for *Bobby's* bunny—
Papa. Well, there's five pounds, I hope 'twill
do:

Throw in a kiss for all that money.

The affectionate father having gone, and the breakfast things being cleared away, the two elder girls sit down to the pianoforte, and begin to practise an impossibly brilliant piece, which may be called the *Cataract of Pearls*, or anything else likely to attract. *Mamma*, reading the *Times*, has nevertheless an ear for her girls.

TERZETTO.

Mamma. Too fast, too fast, *Louisa*;
You slurred that passage through.

Louisa. *Mamma*, it's such a teaser,
I hate the thing, I do.

Susan. *Mamma*, the real fact is,
She ought to have a smack;

Louisa will not practise
Unless you're at her back.

Louisa. O you story, O you story,
Telling fibs is all your glory,
On your tongue I see a blister.

Mamma. Lor, my love, restrain your passion,
Really that is not the fashion
To address your elder sister.

Susan. O *Mamma*, she's only joking,
What she means for fun is poking:
There, *Mamma*, you see I've kissed her.

The *Cataract of Pearls* is resumed, and after a few more brilliancies, a single knock is heard.

Enter the Servant, *MARY*.

PREGHIERA.

Mary. Before the door there stands the man
Who slays the sheep and cow!
Disguise the feeling as I can,
I feel I can't tell how.
The stalwart man who wears the steel
Has stole my heart away;
But now he prays you to reveal
What you will have to-day.

PEZZO CONCERTATO.

Susan. *Mamma*! we'll have mutton.
Louisa. *Mamma*! we'll have beef.
Mary. His lamb is exceedingly fine.
Mamma. No, from joints, my dear girls, we'll
for once have relief,
As your father don't come home to
dine;
(To *Mary*.) Let him bring home a
heart.
Mary. How I wish that the thief
Would bring home that poor heart of
mine!

The extreme popularity of songs sung by an invisible minstrel has been remarked. In the ugliness of most vocalists, and the hideous faces they make, this may usually be accounted for; but not always, for who but regrets that the divine *MARIO* should not Comb it Genteelly before the audience? With a view to this popular effect, the manly bass of the *Butcher* might now be heard through the open window:—

SERENADE.

Butcher. A very good butcher am I,
And a jolly young butcher am I;
I cuts from the prime,
And I sends home in time,
And my joints they are never too high.
Yes, an honest young butcher am I,
And the public's delighted to buy;
They lays out their coins
On my legs and my loins,
And they praises their dinner sky-high.

In contrast with the bold bellow of the butcher might now be introduced the beautiful bleat of the *Baby*. It is brought down dressed to go out, and the music might represent its squeals for a few moments. Then (in a high, queer voice, supposed to be acceptable to the infant ear):—

ARIA.

Mamma (to Baby). O! there's a face, O what a face,

O, isn't it a piteous case,
What is ums grievance now;
And don't it want, a tootums sweet,
To see the jee-jees in the street,
And pat the nice bow-wow?

Baby being pacified with a Savoy cake, the *Nurse* takes up the wondrous tale.

ARIA.

Nurse. He's very fractious, M'm, to-day,
I almost think a powder grey
Would do the darling good.
The slightest thing, M'm, makes him cry,
He rubs his fingers in his eye,
And spits out all his food.

DUETTO.

Mamma. Well, *Nurse*, we must watch him as wakeful as weasels:

I hope he's not sickening, dear pet, for the measles,

Although it's a very good time of the year.

Nurse. Indeed I'm afraid, M'm, it may be the measles:

Those children as nursed him, I mean *LADY TEAZLE's*,

On Tuesday, was looking remarkably queer.

An accidental visit from the family *Doctor*, who happened to be passing, and thought he would look in, would again introduce a baritone voice.

CAYATINA.

Doctor. My little man, let's see your tongue,

Nay, never turn your head from me,

I was the first to whom you clung,

And friends I hope we'll ever be.

When halycon days no more are bright,

And dreams of joy in sorrow end,

Send round to me, by day or night,

The *Doctor* is your constant Friend.

The world is but a gilded Pill,

The breeze of fame a sweetened draught,

And when they fail you, as they will,

You'll know what hollow spells you've quaffed.

But in the hour of grief and blight,

When darkest visions near thee blend,

Send round for me, by day or night,

The *Doctor* is your constant Friend.

[*Note*. These beautiful words are strictly

copyright, and would make a composer's fortune, as every medical man with any pretension to a voice would instantly learn them as a song. Music publishers will be pleased to copy the address, 85, Fleet Street.]

Baby having nothing the matter with him, or, if preferred, being pronounced to have whooping-cough, scarlatina, and chicken-pock, and going on favorably with all three, he is sent out for a walk, and a tenor voice should now be introduced. There are several ways of doing this. A lover might easily be found for one of the young ladies, only love is such a hackneyed business. Or a professor of singing might come to instruct them, and *he* might be a tenor, or a tenor visitor might look in and chat in a scena. But perhaps it would be more novel and domestic to introduce the young Puseyite clergyman of the district.

BACCANALE.

Will you come to the Bower we have shaded for you?

Tho' I call it a bower, I of course mean a Pew;
Our Church looks so lovely with garlands and flowers,

Sure never a Church was as pretty as ours,
And *PIESSE* and *LUBIN* (O, I was not to tell)
Have invented an incense 'tis heavenly to smell.

To-morrow's the feast of *S. ALICAMPANE*,
Archangel and Martyr, by heretics slain:
We light up ten tall extra candles, a flame
For each letter composing the holy saint's name;
We've a lovely new altar-cloth, spangled with blue,

Will you come to the Bower we have shaded for you?

The *Curate* will make a sensation. As he retires, various lady Visitors are introduced, and a capital and varied scene occurs. After such melodies as may suit each, with duets and trios between the Visitors and the young ladies, the piece should end with—

CORO E FINALE.

Away, and away, where our children are munching,

What the darlings call dinner, though we call it lunching:

We like to be present, those servants are bears;

They manage so badly, dividing the victual,

Give one child too much, and another too little,

And think that discretion's no business of theirs.

One likes to see children with clean hands and faces,

Not eating with knives, nor forgetting their Graces,

Returning their chairs, when they've done, to their places:

O, where is the end of a good mother's cares?

Curtain.

A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. R. P.

I.—MY OBSERVATORY.

I was suffocating with heat, my head seemed on fire, I was forced to stop writing.

I opened my window, I closed it; the air was as close outside as within; I was in despair where to go.

My carpet had been taken up the evening before; and in hopes of obtaining a little relief, I threw myself on the floor.

Thomas always threw himself in this position to work; I was only inspired with sleep, and was yielding to its soft influences, when an unforeseen circumstance occurred, which, in exciting my curiosity, completely subdued all the somniferous influences which were surrounding me.

I was lying on my face, with my forehead supported on my arms, thereby enabling them to serve as a pillow; when my eye was suddenly attracted by a clear beam of light, of which I soon discovered the cause.

In the floor there was a hole, which, traversing the plank, enabled me to see all that went on in the room beneath.

I knew that this apartment had been vacant for several months; now I perceived furniture, curtains, and what was more important, two persons seated on a sofa; whom I supposed to be my new neighbors. My desire to sleep now entirely forsook me, and I felt an irresistible curiosity to study the *physique* and *morale* of the new occupants, which my fortunate discovery enabled me to gratify.

II.—THE HANDKERCHIEF.

The lady appeared about twenty years old; with bright black eyes; and a mouth, not very small, but beautifully shaped, and disclosing when she laughed two rows of dazzling pearls; the paleness of her complexion harmonized well with the blackness of her hair; she was of the usual height, though her admirably proportioned figure, and firm step, gave her an appearance of great dignity; the variable-ness of her features expressed in turns, tenderness and passion, energy and weakness, pride and supplication; she appeared to be capable of passing from one feeling to another, with a rapidity which was truly wonderful.

As to the gentleman, he appeared to be about forty years old; there was nothing remarkable in his features; though a certain air in his manners and walk, joined with his rough, forced gestures, appeared to me very likely to inspire one at all timid in regard to their personal safety with a desire to keep at a respectful distance; nevertheless, when his eyes lightened up, I felt that he was worthy of a totally different feeling.

These two persons, when I first saw them, were seated peaceably side by side on a sofa;

the female in deep thought, the man carelessly playing with his cane; a profound silence reigned in the apartment; yet I do not know but if the deathly stillness made me feel as if some great struggle was to ensue, and, with my eye glued to my strange observatory, I awaited with breathless anxiety what was to follow.

Suddenly the man arose, threw his cane in a corner and turned towards the woman, whose face was uplifted with a magnificent expression of wounded dignity.

To this pantomime succeeded words which I could hear perfectly, but found impossible to understand; both the conversationists expressing themselves in a foreign tongue. What a blow to my curiosity; however, I still continued my observations, in hopes that their gestures would sufficiently explain what was going on.

The woman rose and left the room; a man whom I had not at first perceived, as he had remained in a corner of the apartment, drew near.

In order to render my recital more easily understood, I will give each person a particular name, and a vague remembrance of my former studies enabling me to recognize, by the sound of the words, the subjects of her most gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, I will naturally choose English names.

William then approached George; his look was calm, and his face seemed honest; he appeared to hesitate and question his memory as if he feared suggesting anything which was not exactly true. In proportion as he continued speaking, George's face appeared to express trouble and uneasiness; there was no doubt they were talking about the lady who had just left the room, (we will call her Evelina, if my reader will permit,) for the eyes of both often turned towards the door by which she had disappeared. George was left alone and seemed much agitated; he spoke with vehemence, he struck his forehead, stopped, re-commenced his promenade, then stopped again; what William said must certainly have excited a deadly passion in the heart of this man, and I was in hopes of witnessing the end of a tempest which threatened to become terrible.

But Evelina returns; she is accompanied by her waiting maid Jenny; George appeared to complain to Evelina; she folded her handkerchief and fastened it tight around his head. What a fool I had been—what I had taken for a storm was only a headache! It appeared that this means of relief was not approved of by George, for he removed the handkerchief and let it fall on the ground; then he took Evelina's hand, and they passed into another apartment.

However, the handkerchief was not des-

tinged to play as insignificant a part as I had at first supposed. The waiting maid picked it up and looked at it so attentively that my suspicions were aroused. Then I perceived William hasten forward and snatch it from her, in spite of her resistance, as if it was a precious talisman; at last, seeing George return, William quickly hid it in his pocket. Then an interview took place in which William's calmness formed a singular contrast to the loud tones, fiery looks, and violent gestures of George, whose rage was evidently excited by the skilful management of the other. Who was he accusing with so much perseverance?—the friend, wife or daughter of George? Was it the young and beautiful Evelina whom I so much admired and who seemed so capable in every way of exciting in all hearts the greatest affection? Were these two men rivals, and one avenging himself on the other the contempt with which his love had been returned?

Whilst I had been discussing with myself as to the more or less probability of my conjectures, William disappeared, and I perceived Evelina and her waiting maid Jenny. Yes, it was on the head of Evelina the waves of George's fury were bursting; for whilst this angel was overloading him with the most affectionate looks and mild remonstrances, he still continued to look upon her with suspicion; his rough answers and imperious interrogations, were only equalled by the brutal eagerness with which he repulsed a hand white as alabaster. I could easily make out that she was urging a request which he would not listen to, and required of her something which she was not able to give him. But, while all this was going on, I was filled with astonishment that a being who seemed to be possessed with so few good qualities as George, should be able to captivate a creature so perfect in every way as Evelina.

Ah! here comes a person whom I have not yet seen; he seems to have chosen for the time of his entrance, accompanied by William, the moment when Evelina was alone with Jenny. If a drama was to be developed, and I had every right to believe there would be, it was certainly William who pulled the wires and moved them at his will.

The new comer, whom I will name Edward, is certainly very handsome, with a charming expression of countenance and an agreeable, animated voice. However, my most careful observation could not discover on the part of Evelina any sign of guilty intelligence. I even remarked that William having retired, probably with no praiseworthy design, Evelina hastened to leave the room with Jenny. But at the same moment a third female—let us call her Rosa, from the beauty and freshness of her complexion,—

Rosa hastened towards Edward, with an eagerness easy to understand. I was mistaken, it was not Evelina with whom Edward was fascinated, but Rosa, and Rosa did not appear to look coldly on her lover.

"Ah Mon Dieu! again a handkerchief! the same one, which I recognized by the embroidery; this time, it was Edward who drew it from his pocket and handed it to Rosa: this handkerchief is playing a very important part, it is not simple chance which has brought it so constantly in the midst of an intrigue, now becoming more and more complicated; my ideas became confused, I did not know what to think, they all disappeared; there was no one in the apartment, even though I waited an hour I did not hear the slightest movement or noise. Was I to be deprived of the end of an affair which had already commenced to interest me greatly? In order to relieve my impatience, I tried to find an explanation of the scenes which had passed before me; I thought of fifty during the evening, and a hundred before night, but none satisfied me.

III.—THE BLOW.

THE next day, at least twenty times I was to be found at my post and each time was forced to leave it without being able to satisfy my immoderate desire to discover the key to what had passed. At last, at nearly the same hour as the day before, which was towards night, I saw George and William reappear. This William, who seemed to follow George, like his evil genius, exciting either hatred, envy, jealousy, or vengeance; which of these passions I did not know? but one of them I was sure; for, at every word of this perfidious counsellor or cold denunciator, I could see the increasing emotion of the unfortunate man; his eager questions; and hurried exclamations; became every instant more and more vehement; his brow was clouded, and his attitude threatening; suddenly, what he heard seemed to overwhelm him, his features contracted, his voice failed him, he shuddered and fell fainting on a couch.

Cursed William! But why do I curse him, perhaps he is only fulfilling the duty of a true friend.

Whilst the spell of fainting lasted, Edward appeared for a few seconds; and I was astonished, that neither he nor William, appeared to take any interest in recovering the sick man; I concluded that George was accustomed to these fits, and the danger did not appear serious to the others. In fact, he soon recovered his senses, but it was only to find himself alone with William, who did not seem to contribute anything to calm his agitation. What was to be done? William led

George to a corner of the apartment, and placed him between the wall and book-case, so that he was completely hid.

There is no need to say that my attention redoubled, such a movement is generally speaking to discover a secret, and I imagined from the self-assured air of William, that the action could not be without success.

In fact, Edward returned, and William commenced a conversation with him of which he had previously prepared the effect; for sometimes he lowered his voice, and sometimes raised it, as if he wished to hide some things and disclose others to the ears of George. What was he talking about? George's face seemed to express the highest indignation; that of William a cold impassibility; Edward mingled his words with violent bursts of laughter and talked in the most hare-brained, careless manner; it was impossible to give the least reasonable guess at what was going on.

A lady entered, it was Rosa. She was furious; and overwhelmed Edward with reproaches and threats. It was the only interpretation I could give to the loud tones of her voice and the extravagance of her gestures. Then she threw in his face a handkerchief, the same, we have so often seen pass through so many hands.

Always the same handkerchief!

There is the key of my mystery!

But how was it that the handkerchief from the hands of Evelina, was bound round the head of George? Why did George untie it and let it drop on the ground? Why did William snatch it violently from Jenny, who had picked it up? Why was it found afterwards in the pocket of Edward? Why did Edward afterwards return it to Rosa? And finally, why did Rosa return it to Edward in the violent manner we have just witnessed?

Twenty times I felt like dashing my head against the wall, that I could not discover either the cause, nor the end of the peregrinations of the embroidered handkerchief.

After exhausting her anger, Rosa disappeared; Edward followed her, as George emerged in a rage from his hiding-place; it was easy to recognize that if William was trying to reason with him, his arguments were not of a nature to allay his burst of fury. Meanwhile who was the cause? Edward? Rosa? he had not awaited their departure; but had burst out in their presence; George, unlike William, had not the power of controlling his actions; for this reason he was hastening to find the object of so much animosity and resentment; this object could be no other but Evelina; it was against Evelina that the attacks of William had been pointed; and it was on her head the thunders of George's wrath were destined to

break; I commenced to take a great interest in the fate of Evelina.

But only see her, no less beautiful and gracious than yesterday. The virtue and purity of her soul shone in her soft eyes, at least so I thought, though perhaps I judged with a favorable eye; for what right had I to think that Evelina did not hide, under this soft angelic manner, the black and revengeful soul of a demon? How often every day do we meet women possessed with fascinating beauty, whose charming manners, wit, and even virtues, are displayed for all men but one—their husbands! Perhaps Evelina could be placed in this numerous and detestable category.

Whatever it was, the sight of her still inclined me to the sympathy I had at first felt for her, and she soon so entirely absorbed my attention, that I did not at first perceive who accompanied her. It was the first time I had seen this person; he was a middle-aged man, neither good nor bad looking; with an insignificant head; yet treading as if he had some pretensions to nobility; further increased by his patronizing and solemn manner of speaking. I did not know with what name to baptize him. Ah! whilst I am seeking some name which would accord with the probable character of this last person, a rapid and decided movement was going on beneath me. The visitor handed a letter to George; some words were exchanged, and suddenly, without their appearing to justify, or at least cause so brutal and rude an action, in the presence of William and the stranger, a severe blow, from the hand of George, fell on the cheek of Evelina; then George commenced to gesticulate like a mad man, then he turned against Evelina, who offered no resistance but tears. Poor woman! her resignation overwhelmed me.

If I had been present, though I perfectly remembered the lesson taught by Molière in *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, to those who interfere in matrimonial quarrels—I could not have resisted the temptation of interposing. I say matrimonial, and I am ignorant if Evelina and George are lovers, or husband and wife.

They must be married, I could swear to it; an eccentricity like the one I had just witnessed could only take birth in the mind and be executed by the hand of a husband.

The unhappy Evelina had not to suffer the necessity of hearing the order to retire; for George bowing to the stranger who appeared greatly surprised by what had passed, seemed to bestow on him a gracious invitation, and withdrew uttering two cries—or rather howls.

The more I reflected, the more I became convinced that George was to be the rather pitied than blamed. Yes, this man believed

himself insulted on the tenderest point, in his love and honor, the rage to which he gave himself up, and the acts by which he manifested his wrath, were his by right, the really despicable person, in my eyes, was William. As to the two others, Edward and Rosa, what was I to think of their characters and parts in this domestic drama? There was not much to think. Aside from the movements of the handkerchief, they seemed to have nothing to do with the principal personages.

After two or three had come in and gone out, of no importance such as William and the stranger, Jenny and George, I at last saw, what I so much dreaded, Evelina and her husband in the same room with each other, Jenny being sole witness. What was about to happen? I felt a shudder run through my body; I could scarcely breathe; such was my agitation.

On a sign from George, Jenny withdrew. The door had scarcely closed when Evelina fell at her husband's feet; the cloud was about to burst.

No; this man who but a short time ago had struck his wife in the presence of so many witnesses, when alone with her in a moderate voice made two or three remarks—remonstrances doubtless. However, if Evelina did cry, she did not hold down her head with the humility of a repentant; in an instant she raised it with such dignity that I was on the point of crying out: "Bravo! Bravo! well done." How unfortunate not to understand their language! Ah! if I could only once more replace in my memory the lessons I formerly received from that worthy Mr. Robertson.

Ah! if I could only understand! I was sure that what George said, with so quiet a voice, was sufficient to call up blushes in the face of a saint, for it was impossible to imagine a more beautiful expression of wounded dignity, and offended modesty than that which shone in Evelina's features. George, however, did not seem to observe them, and left with a calmness which disconcerted all my ideas.

Hang that bell! suppose I did not not open the door?—but perhaps it is a friend whose visit I would regret having lost—I arose grumbling a little, to open my door—it was the porter who brought me a letter, though in general, whenever he had any note to deliver to me, he would let it remain in his room, until I passed; if I did not descend for three days, I only received it three days after its arrival. The devil take the bell and the porter's unusual politeness!

However my regrets were useless; because I did not see a soul in my neighbor's apartment, and I had left my post for too short a space of time to lose any remarkable occurrence.

IV.—THE SONG.

It was not until the evening of the next day, and after having a hundred times interrogated my place of observation, that I saw my friends re-appear and could renew my investigations.

A light was burning on the mantel-piece; Jenny and Evelina were alone; Evelina seemed stunned by some blow under which she sank with resignation, in her listless manner, the sorrowful tone of her voice, and her neck bent as if under the knife of the executioner, I read the approach of some fatal catastrophe, which filled me with indescribable sorrow.

Evelina was seated; Jenny, who appeared no more affected than I am at this moment, took out the flowers which were mingled with her black hair, the earrings which were glistening in her ears, and the chain which fell over her white shoulders; then, having unlaced her dress, enveloped her in a long gown which seemed to me like a shroud, I heard a sound of distant music; it was Evelina who was singing, though in a voice as weak yet pure, that it seemed as if men were again allowed to hear the heavenly concerts of the angels, who constantly surrounded our Saviour.

Never had I felt such an overwhelmingly sad impression. Evelina and Jenny retired; Jenny carrying the light; the apartment remained plunged in profound obscurity; I renounced all hopes of hearing any thing further to-day. Many people would look upon what I had seen as an occurrence too insignificant to mention.

I vowed I would go to bed, though my heart was full and my eyes overrunning with tears, as if I had witnessed a most affecting drama.

V.—HE STRANGLES HER!

THE following day, I had not to wait for evening to connect the thread which had been broken by the performance of the night before.

Evelina, dressed in the same gown, was lying on a couch in a deep slumber.

A man entered from the next room; it was George.

He holds his sword in his hand—his head was lowered—he seemed to be measuring each footstep as he slowly advanced to the couch.

I must mention that, yielding to an irresistible curiosity, for the last three days I had given all my time, except that occupied in watching, to the study of my English grammar, and the conversational exercises in that language, to all in fact that I formerly knew or I thought I knew: I had devoted myself to this study with so much zeal and attention, that by this time I was able to seize a word

every now and then, which though it might not give me the entire dialogue, of my mysterious neighbors, enabled me to comprehend its general details.

George was near Evelina whom he regarded with a strange look, a look expressive of love and hatred.

"I do not want to shed her blood," he said in a low voice, "I do not want to pierce this bosom whiter than snow."

And he let his sword fall at his feet.

I breathed again.

"But will I let her live!—let her again betray men!—but if I extinguish the flame of my life, oh thou most beautiful work of the creation, can I find the celestial fire to re-animate thee?"

George leaning over Evelina, pressed his lips to her forehead, and murmured some words which did not reach me. Evelina aroused, sat up with some effort.

Love has disappeared from the face of George, I only saw it burning with rage; but this rage, controlled no doubt by a long and severe struggle, only manifested itself, in a low voice and constrained gestures.

"Have you said your prayers, this evening? If you can recall to your memory any crime for which you are not assured of the pardon of Heaven, ask it now."

"Alas! what do you mean?" answered Evelina, in a voice so soft, and with so heavenly a face, that I could not understand how this man prevented himself from falling on his knees before her.

But he remained standing in front of the couch, and in the same calm, low voice, continued:

"Do what I say, and quickly; I do not wish to kill your soul. No, Heaven preserve me from that! I cannot kill your soul."

"You talk of killing?"

"Yes, I do."

"Heaven have pity on me!"

"I sincerely hope so."

"If you can talk so, I hope you are not going to kill me."

"Hope!"

"Nevertheless I fear you; for you look so terrible when you roll your eyes. Why do I fear? I am guiltless of any crime; and still I tremble."

"Think on thy sins."

"They are the feelings of love I have for thee."

"Yes, it is for that thou dyest."

"Yet it is unnatural to die for loving. Alas! why do you bite your lips? What violent passions shake your frame? I have fearful forebodings; but it cannot be me you threaten."

"Peace, sit down and listen."

It was time for this scene to be explained.

Twice had I been on the point of crying to George through the hole: Cursed wretch! Twice had I been on the point of arising, and going down stairs, or throwing myself down, if it were necessary, and flying to the aid of Evelina.

But now all was to be explained; I could remain tranquil; almost all conjugal explanations end satisfactorily.

"This handkerchief," said George, "this handkerchief, my favorite color, and which I had given thee, thou gavest to Cassio."

Cassio! Was it William or Edward who answered to that name? I strongly suspected it was Edward.

"No, I swear by my life and soul," answered Evelina; "call and question him before me."

"Charming creature! take care of thy oath, —thou art on thy death bed."

Again!—but perhaps it was only a menace, a means of arriving at the truth.

"Thy oath will not save thee," continued George; "thou shalt not escape the confession of the terrible thought which I shudder to entertain."

"God in Heaven, pity me! and do you pity me! I have never harmed any one in my life—I have never felt for Cassio anything more than the affection I entertain for all the world. I have never given him anything."

"No, whatever may be the appearances against her, this woman is not guilty; there is a truth in her words, a simplicity of argument, and a childishness of voice which the most skilful hypocrisy could never imitate."

The suggestions of William must have gained great possession over George.

"By Heaven! he cried; I have seen my handkerchief in his hands, false woman! You turn my heart to stone—I have seen the handkerchief."

"Then he must have found it—I never gave it to him; call him here, let him declare the truth."

"He has declared it."

"What, my lord?"

"That he had it in his possession."

"Yes, unlawfully; he could say nought else."

"No, his mouth is closed forever."

"My fears tell me al.—he is dead!"

"If every hair on his head were so many lives, my terrible vengeance would destroy all."

George was frightful at this moment. He was leaning over Evelina; his eyes darting fire on the poor falsely-accused creature; by a convulsive movement he clasped his hands and threw out his arms.

Ah! no amicable arrangement would follow this explanation. I shuddered; a presentiment of some horrible ending fell like a pall over my heart.

My interference was now perhaps becoming

a duty. I cannot describe what I felt. Could it be fright which paralyzed all my limbs? or am I overruled by the insatiable curiosity which induces one to follow with the greatest eagerness the finale of a frightful drama or romance, whatever may be the horror or pain one may experience on awakening from such representations?

It seemed as if some invincible power was chaining me to the spot.

"Alas!" cried Evelina, "he is betrayed, and I am lost!"

George seized one of the sofa cushions:

"What! shameless creature, dost thou weep for him before my eyes!"

"Ah! my lord! banish, but do not kill me."

Evelina, with a look of terror, struggled to rise and escape—but the pitiless George, threw her on the couch with one hand, and with the other pressed the cushion on her face:

"Yield, infamous creature!"

"Kill me to-morrow, but spare me to-day!"

"Never!"

"Only half an hour."

"My determination is taken, there shall be no delay!"

"But only while I say a prayer!"

"It is too late."

Then followed a struggle, too agonising to describe; George, with the superhuman force of a madman, pressed the cushion closer to the face of Evelina who was struggling in the last agonies of a convulsion.

I heard some stifled cries then silence.

George arose, and threw the cushion far from him; there remained but a corpse on the couch!

VI.—THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.

I QUICKLY descended the stair-case, crossed two or three streets in my slippers and dressing-gown, without my hat; and at last reached the door of the chief of the police; where I both rang and knocked; it seemed a century before any one came.

At last! the chief himself received me

"Sir, a frightful crime has been committed in the house where I live."

Almost breathless I related with exactness all the terrible events of the last three days.

The chief hastened to put on his scarf and order his secretary to accompany us.

"A murder by suffocation!" said the magistrate, on the way, "it would be a crime difficult to confirm; all cases of apoplexy present the same appearance to medical men, at least if there should be no external sign of violence—which your recital leads me to suppose. Here is a crime, which in all probability—would have escaped the justice of man, if chance had not revealed to you the exist-

ence of a hole in your floor. In truth, how strange are the ways of Providence!"

We passed a station; and the superintendent ordered some soldiers to attend us.

We have arrived; and ascended the stair-case without any noise; the secretary softly knocked at the English people's door; one of them appeared; it was William. The presence of so many people and above all the soldiers threw him into a great state of agitation which he could not hide; however he received us with much politeness and led us to the dining-room where seven or eight people, men and women, were assembled enjoying an enormous piece of roast beef.

To my astonishment, the first face I saw was Evelina. The unfortunate victim was at this moment handing a slice of red roast beef to her atrocious murderer!

The superintendent commenced his questions; I instantly stopped them; we looked at each other for a few seconds, he in profound astonishment, I with a most nonplussed countenance.

All the guests, interrupted by our entrance, fixed their eyes on us with surprise and curiosity.

The picture was complete.

However we could not remain looking at each other for ever. An explanation was indispensable; and as I was clearly the primary cause of the commotion, it devolved on me to give it. Our Englishmen understood French very well; and my narration was received with loud bursts of laughter which enabled me to entertain the comforting assurance that not one of these noble sons of Albion were about to yield to overwhelming attacks of *jeal jealousy*.

The laughter at last subsided, William took from a side-table an enormous sheet of paper which he presented to the superintendent and myself.

We recognised a play-bill, conceived in the following terms:

Shortly, the first appearance of the English Troupe,
OTHELLO.

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, BY SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Macready will play the part of Othello.

I had been present, for three days, at the rehearsal of the most beautiful scenes of one of Shakespeare's dramas.

The superintendent withdrew. Since that day he has never met me without a malicious smile appearing on his lips.

I made the best of my situation, and before the end of the evening, was on the best terms possible with the actors who insisted on my staying to supper. — The day of the representation of *Othello*, I was one of the most enthusiastic applauders of Mr. Macready.

GOOD-MORROW.

SHINE brightly through her casement, sun !
 Thou gale, soft odors bring her !
 Ye birds that hail the dawning day,
 Your sweetest music sing her !
 Smile, Nature, on her, as she wakes,
 And hide all sights of sorrow !
 And have no sounds but those of joy
 To bid my love—Good-morrow !

Good-morrow to those lustrous eyes,
 With bright good humor beaming.
 Good-morrow to those ruddy lips,
 Where smiles are ever teaming.
 Good-morrow to that happy face,
 Undimmed by cloud or sorrow :
 Good-morrow, heart that clings to mine—
 Good-morrow, love, good-morrow !

—*London Journal.*

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

ARE you sleeping—are you dreaming ; are you
 dreaming, love, of me ?

Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on
 the sea ?

Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your
 hand fast locked in mine—

Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint
 Valentine ?

O Marion, O Marion, the gale is piping loud,
 And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam
 lies like a shroud ;

Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till
 it be day,

Mid the rolling of the thunder, and the dashing
 of the spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my
 beautiful—mine own !

Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love,
 art alone :

Sleep, till the swelling branches bend into an
 arching dome ;

Sleep, till the quiet leaves steal out to call the
 young birds home.

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion ;
 flashing from the sky

Darts the fitful, lurid lightning, like a threat of
 God's great eye ;

But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the
 harmless Norland light

He sends but as the herald of the glory of His
 might !

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth
 unto thee,

Amid thy calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams
 of the wild sea ;

And to me, whose glimpses of the land are
 beautiful as brief,

To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the
 green leaf !

O doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the
 surging main,

And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings
 me back again ;

When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the
 wild-flower from the wall—
 With my arm around my Marion's neck—the
 sweetest flower of all !

Blow, blow, ye winds ! blow fierce and strong !
 the heavens your breath command ;
 I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine
 own loved land :

In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall
 rejoice,

So they drown not the glad music of my Mari-
 on's welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol
 that she strays ;

O waft me, heavens ! to Athol in the spring of
 the young days :

There once more my steps shall wander—with
 thy hand fast locked in mine—

By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the
 old Saint Valentine !

E. L. H.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

Now November, stale and sere,
 Tends the sickness of the year,
 And the stream is chill and slow,
 And the blast will hardly blow,
 Knowing every breath bereaves
 Beeches of their fiery leaves,
 While the oak's are dun and small,
 And the lime has none at all,
 And the elm her branches froze
 Burnishes and nothing more ;
 Now the mist makes meadows white
 In the murk of middle night,
 And the meagre moon is seen
 Pining in a cirque of green,
 Like an old enchanted king,
 Prisoner in a fairy ring ;
 Seek the miry woodland ways,
 Where the fungus' self decays :
 There we two will stand alone
 By some ancient oak o'erthrown.

—*Primula.*

FAIR LISSA.

THE snow lies hard upon the ground,
 And ryebread is there none,
 The people hunger all around
 From Vistula to Don.

There is no fruitage in the wood,
 No herbage in the field,
 The fish have perished from the flood,
 the cattle from the field.

My brother and my kinsmen dear
 In Muscovy seek bread ;
 My father lies upon the bier,
 My mother on the bed.

She shall have meat ; so bind a cord
 My slender neck upon,
 And sell me to the Tartar lord
 That camps beyond the Don.

—*Primula.*

From The Examiner.

A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow.
Written for the Perusal of Friends at Home. Murray.

IN the best sense and in every sense this is a woman's account of the Siege of Lucknow. We have read some of the journals of the men, and followed with them the story of the active struggle, here we read of the passive endurance of the ladies of Lucknow, of their domestic calamities, and of their sacred patience. We read, too, how they labored in love for the comfort and help of all who were about them. The author of the diary is the wife of the one surviving chaplain of the garrison, and she does not tell us what the country knows, that she was conspicuous among the ladies in it for the generous devotion of herself to an incessant round of work. Her journal is most touching for its exquisite simplicity. There is not a sentence in it written for effect. A gentle-hearted woman, —who has all the tenacity of memory concerning birth-days, wedding-days, death-days, and household anniversaries peculiar to her sex, who loves the very shadow of a child, who instinctively sees every event from its domestic and religious point of view,—sets down day after day her little record of events that have most stirred her hopes, her fears, her sympathies. She does not write much, for she is busy. The days are soon gone in which Dr. Partridge has leisure to read "Guy Mannering" to the ladies crowded under Dr. Fayer's roof, our diarist all the while working more nimbly at a frock for little Bobbie F. There are wounds to dress, there is household duty to be done, there is mourning to be made for widows, there are sick infants to be nursed with womanly devotion. This was the tone of mind at the beginning of the troubles, expressed in the first trembling for Cawnpore.

"Last night Sir H. L. received despatches, which are kept a profound secret. No one knows what has happened, which makes us all the more anxious and nervous. Every time we hear the slightest noise—loud voices, a horse galloping by, a gun fired, or any one calls to see C., and they speak in an undertone—one's heart is in one's mouth. The excitement will be terrible if bad news from Cawnpore should be confirmed. The dépôt of the 32nd is there, and most of the women and children; and the poor soldiers would be frantic if they suspected their families were in danger."

The revolt is presently declared in Lucknow, the writer tells what she sees: "Oh mother! mother, how dreadful it is!—God help us!"

These are the easy days in Dr. Fayer's house at the beginning of the siege:

"Every child in the house is at this moment screeching, and we are all distracted: both the poor little D.'s are ill and wearing their mother out; they will go to no one else, so one cannot help her with them. I never heard such a chorus of squalling in my life. The heat seems to increase every day, and no signs of the rains yet. Dr. Partridge read out loud to us in the drawing-room this morning 'Guy Mannering.'"

"A letter came to-day from General Wheeler to Sir H. Lawrence; no reinforcements arrived at Cawnpore up to the 18th, but the brave people still holding out gloriously, and say they have provisions and ammunition enough for another fortnight; their sufferings are extreme. General Wheeler says, 'It is useless to state the extent of our losses,' by which one fears they must be terrible. He says the sun is their worst enemy. Their consolation in their distress is that their devotion may be our salvation."

The writer thus begins her journal on a day in June:

"Dear F. and G.'s wedding-day. Five years ago now, and how fresh every incident is in my memory! I have been recalling every little circumstance, and living it over again in my mind. What a sad anniversary for poor F.!—the first he has passed alone since his darling was taken away. Their dog Toph died on their wedding-day last year, and they wrote to tell us how grieved they were about it, little dreaming of the great grief which was so soon coming. What would I not give to hear of the safety of F. and the children! One trembles at the idea of what may be going on in the Punjab if the Sikhs should have revolted. This uncertainty about the fate of one's friends in other parts of India, and the impossibility of hearing of them, are very hard to bear. Charlie is very anxious about Teddie and Maggie; they are at Hansi, far from any European troops or place of refuge."

Recording afterwards the premature news of the fall of Delhi, the diarist connects the date assigned to it with the wedding-day of another of her friends. The next entry opens:

"Little Bobbie Fayer is a year old to-day. Sweet little fellow, I never saw a more lovely boy than he is. A letter from Sir H. Wheeler last night; they are still holding out bravely; but he says their sufferings have exceeded anything recorded in history. Nearly all the children and most of the women have died from the effects of the sun; and there is a fearful list of killed and wounded. The General's son, Mr. Wheeler, of the 1st N.I., who was our landlord, and lived next door to us

the first six months we were at Peshawur, was killed by a round shot at his father's side as the poor old man was finishing his letter."

The siege begins in desperate earnest after the disaster of Chinhut, and with her womanly instincts ever thus keen, the diarist has fearful work to do. She sits as nurse beside the death-bed of Sir Henry Lawrence:

"July 3, Friday.—I was up-stairs all day, nursing Sir Henry, who still lingers in extreme suffering: his screams are so terrible, I think the sound will never leave my ears; when not under the influence of chloroform, he is quite conscious, and J. has been reading to him all day psalms and prayers as he was able to bear them. He several times repeated them after him in quite a strong voice. Once we thought he was going, but he rallied, and has taken an immense quantity of arrowroot and champagne during the day. Once when I was feeding him he looked at me so hard, as if he was trying to remember who I was. The firing has never ceased for a second the whole day.

"July 4, Saturday.—Sir Henry L. died at a quarter past eight this morning. His end was very peaceful, and without suffering. J. was with him. I came into the room a minute after he had breathed his last: his expression was so happy one could not but rejoice that his pain was over. Half an hour before he died, his nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, was shot through the shoulder in the verandah. I have been nursing him to-day, poor fellow; it was so sad to see him lying there in the room with his uncle's body, looking so sad and suffering. About twelve the smell became so offensive I was obliged to ask J. to have the body carried outside, so he called some soldiers to help carry the bed into the verandah. When they came in, one of the men lifted the sheet off poor Sir Henry's face, and kissed him."

At this time the ladies of Lucknow were left to perform for themselves and those who depended upon them for help and comfort every menial service.

"Work was portioned out, to each of us who are strong enough to do any, by James this morning. My share is to act housemaid and keep the rooms we inhabit tidy and clean: I am also to nurse Mr. Lawrence, and any sick or wounded who may be brought to this house. We all sleep (that is, eleven ladies and seven children) on the floor of the Tye Khana, where we spread mattresses and fit into each other like bits in a puzzle, so as best to feel the punkah. The gentlemen sleep up-stairs, in a long verandah sort of room on the side of the house least exposed to fire.

My bed consists of a purdah and a pillow. In the morning we all roll up our bedding, and pile them in heaps against the wall. We have only room enough for very few chairs down there, which are assigned to invalids, and most of us take our meals seated on the floor, with our plates on our knees. We are always obliged to light a candle for breakfast and dinner, as the room is perfectly dark."

On the 20th of July Mr. Polehampton died, and the husband of the journalist became the only chaplain in the garrison. Double duty then devolved upon him. He slept in his clothes, he was called in discharge of his sacred office more frequently than any man across the ground open especially to that thick hail of shot which penetrated everywhere; but though he stood many times within an inch or two of death, he was not struck. He and his wife retained their health and worked with an unresting energy. We do not altogether tell this from the diary. The little record is conspicuous for nothing so much as its modesty. As the lady's husband writes in one or two letters appended to the journal, "It pleased God to give us both good health; thus we were able to forget ourselves very much in going about our several duties."

On the 24th of July the writer has fresh occupation on her hands.

"Mrs. D. is very poorly, and quite unequal to the charge of her children; so I am now head nurse as well as housemaid, and find plenty to do, which keeps my thoughts from dwelling too much on the misery and horror that surround us. Ally D. is a dear little boy of two, and Herbert, the baby, is ten months old; their poor mother is expecting her confinement again before long.

"I am making her a black dress."

Soon afterwards there are two failing babies to be tended. The chaplain vomits for two hours after burying the dead in the fetid churchyard. The chaplain's wife adds to her work the duties of a washerwoman. She does not complain; she only says:

"It is a great comfort to have so much to do, and to feel oneself of some little use, and helps one to keep up one's spirits much better than would otherwise be possible under the circumstances. Dear James is very hard worked, and does not spare himself the least so we don't see much of each other."

"The 9th of August is dear J.'s birthday." Then, too, a siege baby is born. On the day following, writes the diarist,—

"I was called up in the night to attend to my wee siege cousin. Charlie took Mrs.

Roberts' place, for some time, but could not manage to pacify his infant son, who was crying lustily, so at last came down to call me. I went up and found the poor little thing required dressing and feeding, both of which operations I successfully performed, and then put him to sleep."

Then there is woman's sympathy expressed for a little Herbert's feeble wail. At last the child died.

"One could not grieve; he looked so sweet and happy; the painful look of suffering quite gone, and a lovely smile on his dear little baby face. We closed his pretty blue eyes, and crossed his little hands over his breast, and there he lay by his mother's side till daylight; then she washed the little body herself, and put him on a white nightgown, and I tied a lace handkerchief round his face, as she had no caps. Charlie D. came over to see her, and we left her quiet with him and the dead baby till eleven, when I was obliged to go in and ask her to part with it. She let me take it away, and I sewed the little sweet one up myself in a clean white cloth and James carried it over to the hospital to wait there for the evening burials. Poor little Ally is so ill, it prevents Mrs. D. thinking so much of the loss of Herbert as she else would. She is so anxious, poor thing, about her last remaining treasure. He has a fever and dysentery, and his life seems hanging on a thread. Bobby Fayrer is just as ill, and his mother also, but the poor little fellow has found a most devoted nurse in Miss Schilling, and if he lives, humanly speaking, the Fayerers will owe their child's life to her unremitting care and attention. She watches him night and day, and never leaves his crib for a minute. The poor child is not allowed to be moved or lifted up. The only fear is Miss Schilling getting ill herself from over-fatigue and anxiety, and I wish much I could help her; but what with looking after Emmie's wants, and nursing both Mrs. D. and Ally besides my housemaid's work and washing up cups and saucers, &c., I have as much on my hands as I can manage.

"August 23, Sunday.—We had service, with the comfort of the Blessed Sacrament, at half-past three. Emily and Mrs. Fayrer came out to church, and lay on two sofas, looking very interesting invalids. Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Barber, and Mrs. Lewin came to the service. It was very affecting to see so many newly-made widows assembled together; with Mrs. D. and Mrs. Halford there were five in the same room."

And so the Christian lady goes on with her simple notes, still mindful of all the lit-

tle things—or are they really the great things—that kindly women mind. With a convalescent child in her arms, whom she had nursed to health, part of the later entries had to be written.

"I have the sole charge of little Ally D. and now he is getting better, but is not well enough to play about, nor ill enough to lie down as he used to do; I seldom have him out of my arms, and feel rather as if he *must* be my own child; he is getting such a darling.

"September 13, Sunday.—Poor little Ina Boileau died in the night; she was so very ill all yesterday, we knew she could not live; her poor mother, who had been watching her all night, had fallen asleep quite exhausted, and when she awoke she found the poor child quite cold in her arms; her cry of anguish awoke us all; poor creature! she is distracted, and reproaches herself with having gone to sleep; but of course she could not help it, and she would not allow any one else to watch with her."

Thus the diarist describes the scene upon the arrival of Havelock's relief:

"September 26, Saturday.—Yesterday evening, on the twenty-eighth day of the siege, our long-looked for and so often despaired-of 'relief' arrived. Never shall I forget the moment to the latest day I live. It was most overpowering. We had no idea they were so near, and were breathing air in the portico as usual at that hour, speculating when they might be in, not expecting they could reach us for several days longer, when suddenly, just at dark, we heard a very sharp fire of musketry quite close by, and then a tremendous cheering; an instant after, the sound of bagpipes, then soldiers running up the road, our compound and verandah filled with our *deliverers*, and all of us shaking hands frantically, and exchanging fervent 'God bless you's' with the gallant men and officers of the 78th Highlanders. Sir James Outram and staff were the next to come in, and the state of joyful confusion and excitement is beyond all description. The big, rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore. We were all rushing about to give the poor fellows drinks of water, for they were perfectly exhausted; and tea was made down in the Tye Khada, of which a large party of tired thirsty officers partook, without milk or sugar, and we had nothing to give them to eat. Every one's tongue seemed going at once with so much

to ask and to tell, and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other like those of dearest friends and brothers."

There are in this, as in every account of the siege, many illustrations of the penetrating and pervading character of the fire which so beset the residency, that at the back and one side there was scarcely a pin's head to be placed where there was not a shot mark. Every man and woman who survived had what seemed to be miraculous escapes. A shot once struck the leg of the chair on which the diarist was sitting, and glanced up to her side, but did not wound her. A round shot entering the hospital sped over a row of beds a foot above the sick men who were in them. The dressing room used by the writer and some other ladies was several times burst into by shot and shell. It was deserted until the course of the siege, and the changed disposition of the enemy, made it again comparatively safe. Nevertheless, an eighteen-pounder entering it destroyed part of its contents and smashed the little wooden box on which a young mother, then by unusual chance absent, was accustomed to sit with her infant on her lap.

Mr. Gubbins has been represented hitherto as the Commissioner Portage of the scene. This note upon him—though written in all kindness and good faith, may help further to establish him in that position:

"Mr. Gubbins wrote to ask James for a description of the Highlanders rushing in here on the 25th September. I believe he is writing a book, and an account of the gallant fellows' emotions at the sight of the ladies and children will form an interesting page of his volume, for it was indeed a most striking and affecting scene."

The story of the rescue, as the women and children felt it, is here told in the most unaffected way. At Allahabad rest came after long labor.

"The luxurious feeling of rest and peace and safety here is perfectly indescribable; one can scarcely realise it or know what to make of it after the excitement, anxiety, and turmoil of the last six months. . . .

"The kind way we are treated here is most touching. People seem as if they could not do enough for us: we have the most beautiful flowers, and vegetables and milk, and all sorts of good things sent us every morning."

On Christmas Day, at Allahabad, the lady's heart is chiefly mindful of the sad and tearful faces of the widows in the church. She herself has not been idle even in the day of rest. The neglected children of the garrison have been gathered into a school by Mrs. Polehampton and herself, and much business on behalf of the relief fund has been undertaken.

The chaplain himself sums up the story thus, in one of the few letters of his that are added to the book:

"Well, indeed many a time did we despair of ever seeing any of your dear faces again; we used to wonder whether you really knew and understood what a position we were in; and now we gladly find you did not realise it. Dear Aunt G. says it 'was a comfort to you all to know that, although closely beset, we were in an impregnable fort!' We were in no fort at all; we occupied a few houses in a large garden, with a low wall on one side, and only an earthen parapet on the others, in the middle of a large city, the buildings of which completely commanded us, and swarming with thousands of our deadly foes, thirsting for our blood. God gave us protection and pluck, the former in a wonderful degree, or not one of us would be here to tell about it. This you will see when you get G.'s journal. It is in short, written under difficulties, but will give you some idea of our position. She put down what she could day by day as it occurred, just on the *chance* of its ever reaching you. The Engineers calculated that all those months never one second elapsed without a shot being thrown in at us, and at times upwards of seventy per second, besides round-shot and shell. Every house was shattered; every single building seemed to be marked with severe small-pox; and yet, notwithstanding this, and the number of killed and wounded, the brutes never dared come and fight us hand to hand. They tried hard a few times, but were killed round our earthworks by hundreds; so they took to shooting us down by degrees, and this they would have done, humanly speaking, if those brave fellows under Havelock had not come in. Even then, after losing 1,000 out of 2,800 in doing it, the rest were shut up with us for six weeks, fighting with us day and night, till old Sir Colin came with 10,000 more, and with great difficulty and loss got us out of it. Well, thank God! now we are all right."

From The Saturday Review.

DUGALD STEWART.*

THE men may almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand who can fairly be said to have been originators in philosophical speculation. Dugald Stewart was not one of them. But the secondary or even tertiary order of men do good service to the world. The original conceptions of the higher intellects would be useless to the generality of mankind, unless they were sufficiently diluted to be acceptable to the common taste; and those who are incapable of originating can criticise, modify, guard against undue inferences. While fighting with some shadow or some man of straw, critics often advance the views which they seem to controvert—while denouncing a heresy, they recommend with just limitations and amendments the very doctrines which they set themselves to oppose. Dugald Stewart was not one of the few who are justly entitled to the appellation of an original philosopher. Yet he was very useful in his generation. He assisted to a very considerable extent in popularizing abstract speculation in this country, and in showing that it did not necessarily imply an extreme scepticism. There may have been, and may be, a considerable misunderstanding as to what is meant by the sceptical philosophy of Hume. Hume was a sceptic in two senses. He was a sceptic in philosophy, maintaining, that the subjective basis of all human knowledge is hypothetical—he was also a sceptic as to Revelation, which is quite a different thing. In the polemic against Hume as a sceptic in the matter of Revelation and an impugnor of the miraculous origin of Christianity, Dugald Stewart did not engage. And it may well be doubted whether, as to Hume's other scepticisms, Reid and Stewart did more, in their opposition to the ideal philosophy, than substitute one hypothesis or theory of human knowledge for another. The theory of immediate perception is not more capable of demonstration than the theory of ideas, although it may possibly not be open to some of the objections which lie against the latter. But neither did Hume's scepticism go so far—as a consequence of the ideal theory—as to teach men a disbelief in their own existence; only he perceived a difficulty in its proof. If in its turn the doctrine of immediate perception is only an hypothesis, this diffi-

culty is not surmounted. But the services rendered by Stewart were very great, though indirect. He induced many to think that the way of speculation might, after all, be a safe way—that it did not necessarily lead to a denial of God and of the distinction between right and wrong. To illustrate this distinction as rooted in man's nature, and to enforce the doctrines of Natural Religion, was indeed the great aim of his professorial teaching. And it will be seen from a slight sketch of his life how it came to receive that particular bent.

Dugald Stewart was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. He was born, November 22, 1753, in the old College buildings, since pulled down to make way for the present structure. He was by constitution feeble. His youth was passed, partly in the professorial chambers in College, partly on a small property of his father's in Ayrshire. He entered the High School at Edinburgh, in 1761, and the Rector's class in 1764. The rector at that time was Alexander Matheson; but Dr. Alexander Adam, a better known name, was then acting as substitute, and afterwards succeeded to the rectorship. Under his teaching Stewart acquired a considerable liking for the classics, and the elegance of his style, harmony of his diction, and general refinement of his taste, were very much owing to those early studies. His university course at Edinburgh was comprised between the years 1765–1769. John Stevenson was then Professor of Logic and Metaphysics—a Lockian of no great originality, but candid and truthful. Adam Ferguson was Professor of Moral Philosophy. Greater influence, however, was exercised upon Stewart during a short period that he was at Glasgow. Reid had succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy, in 1764. Stewart studied there for one session in 1771, having gone thither with some view of proceeding thence to Oxford, and entering holy orders in the Church of England. But he was suddenly summoned by his father, whose health was failing, to act as his substitute in conducting the mathematical classes at Edinburgh. Henceforward, his labors were great. In 1775, he was elected conjoint professor with his father, and in 1778–9, he gave an original course of lectures on Morals for Professor Ferguson, during his absence on a political mission to America. In 1783, he visited Paris, and married, in the same year, Helen, daughter of Mr. Neil Bannatyne, of Glasgow. She died in 1787, leaving one son, afterwards Colonel Matthew Stewart. A melancholy regret attaches itself to this gentleman's name. He had the highest reverence for his father's memory, and had made ample collec-

* *The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S., &c.* Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Advocate, A.M. (Oxon), &c. &c. Vol. X. Edinburgh: Constable. 1858.

Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, LL.D.; William Robertson, D.D.; Thomas Reid, D.D. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. To which is prefixed a Memoir of Dugald Stewart, with Selections from his Correspondence, by John Veitch, M.A.

tions for a history of his life. These in an access of delirium, brought on by the climate of India, he destroyed. Owing to this unhappy circumstance, the materials for a biography of Stewart are extremely scanty, and there are scarcely any remains of his original correspondence.

On the resignation of Ferguson, in 1785, Stewart succeeded to the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and retained it for nearly twenty-five years. From the first he adopted Ferguson's practice of not writing out his lectures *in extenso*, but of speaking from notes. This method was well suited to Stewart's peculiar talent, and his popularity and influence with his class never declined, even to the last. But the influence which he exercised was not confined to the lecture-room. At a time when the Continent was closed by the French Revolution and the wars consequent upon it, many young men of promise and position in England resorted to Edinburgh to pursue studies which could, however, have been pursued, in the case of most of them, if they had been so minded, nearer home. Stewart received in his house many of these young men, who afterwards became distinguished in public life; and among them may be mentioned the late Prime Minister. And this particular fact serves to explain a statement which sounded somewhat invidiously when made by Lord Palmerston, in one of the debates upon the Cambridge University Reform Bill—namely, that he had imbibed more knowledge in one session at Edinburgh than during three years that he had been at Cambridge. All the circumstances of the case were not developed in that statement. Stewart's house was the centre of a most improving society; and the willing surrender of himself, under the teaching and influence of such a man as Stewart, to studies which he preferred, may well have produced more results in a short period than a whole undergraduate life of the sort too usual in those days at Cambridge.

Stewart himself visited France, as has been said, in 1783, and again in the summers of 1788 and 1789; and he also accompanied Lord Lauderdale on his mission to Paris in 1806. Like most other men of moderate views, he took a hopeful view of the movements which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution itself. During his visits to the Continent he kept journals, and it is much to be lamented that, from the misfortune above mentioned, the records of such an observer should have perished. He formed acquaintances, more or less intimate, with a number of persons distinguished in the literary and political circles of Paris. Among these were M. Suard, Academician, and afterwards editor of the *Publiciste* during the Empire, a man

of honor, moderation, and worth—the Abbé Morellet, especially esteemed by Stewart—M. Prévost, of Geneva—and the Baron Degerando, author of the *Histoire des Systèmes de la Philosophie*.

In the year 1790, Stewart married, for his second wife, Miss Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, a granddaughter of the fifth Lord Cranstoun. By this marriage he had two children—a son, who died in his youth, and a daughter who survived both parents, and died in 1846. This marriage to a person of great personal attractions and social influence tended to make Stewart's house the centre of the best society in Edinburgh, and fitted it especially to become the resort of young men intended for public life.

If Stewart's intellect had been of the purely speculative order, it would have been less suited than it was to exercise a most beneficial influence, at a particular period, upon the rising men of that day. "His aim and influence as a teacher of philosophy was less purely speculative than moral and practical." "His great aim was that of finding results bearing on the work and adornment of human life." He was not a discoverer, but a communicator and teacher; the doctrines which he adopted were recommended by a copious and highly illustrative diction; and he exhibited in his own person that balance of the human powers and faculties, which he often dwelt upon in his lectures as the only sure guarantee of public and private happiness.

It has been said that Stewart did not engage in questions concerning Revealed Religion; but he bestowed a large space upon what is called Natural Religion. He had seen the practical results of a positive atheism, and he was well aware that in endeavoring to convince men in matters of religion, as well as in any other, it is essential to argue from principles which they will admit, that all demonstration is *ex concessis*. In his preface to the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers*, he says—

"Before proceeding to my proper subject, I may be permitted to say something in explanation of the large, and perhaps disproportionate space which I have allotted in these volumes to the Doctrines of Natural Religion. To account for this I have to observe, that this part of my work contains the substance of lectures given in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1792-93, and for almost twenty years afterwards, and that my hearers comprised many individuals, not only from England and the United States of America, but not a few from France, Switzerland, the north of Germany, and other parts of Europe. To those who reflect on the state

of the world at that period, and who consider the miscellaneous circumstances and characters of my audience, any further explanation on this head is, I trust unnecessary.

"The danger with which I conceived the youth of this country to be threatened by that inundation of sceptical or rather atheistical publications which were then imported from the Continent, was immensely increased by the enthusiasm which at the dawn of the French Revolution, was naturally excited in young and generous minds. A supposed connexion between an enlightened zeal for political liberty and the reckless boldness of the uncompromising freethinker, operated powerfully with the vain and the ignorant in favor of the publications alluded to."

In 1792 Stewart published the first volume of his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. It consists chiefly of an analysis of the internal or mental constitution of man. It was dedicated to Dr. Reid, to whom Stewart was not only largely indebted, as a disciple to his master, but also warmly attached. This work attracted more attention abroad than it did in England. Stewart was not a metaphysician, but a psychological observer. His purpose was to collect both the phenomena presented by his own mental being and those which are thrown up by other men, and the action of society. He was especially of opinion that, in psychological investigation, the impossibility of making experiments, properly so called, upon the inquirer's own mind, is amply compensated to him by the multiplicity of observations which he may gather from the phenomena of moral and intellectual life around him.

In 1793, he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh his *Account of the Life and Writings of Adam Smith*. His adoption generally of the doctrines of Smith, and his admiration of the French Economists, coupled with his known inclination to liberal opinions in politics, exposed him to much misrepresentation, as though he had been favorable to the wildest political experiments. He exonerated himself, about this time, from these imputations in a letter to Lord Craig, Feb. 20, 1794:—

"I have expressed myself strongly on the merits of the first French Economists, most of whom are long since dead, and whose speculations certainly had no more connexion with forms of Government, than those in Mr. Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; but as to the French philosophers in general, and the tendency of their sceptical doctrines to corrupt the morals and to poison the happiness of mankind, your Lordship will do me the justice to acknowledge that I opposed them with zeal, at a time when the profession of scepti-

cism was not quite so unfashionable as it is at present. Whoever may be called upon to retract their former admiration of these principles (which have indeed led to a great mischief) I certainly am not among the number."

Some excellent observations on the extent to which the French Economists were anticipated by earlier British writers, and on the distinction to be kept in view between their political and economical doctrines, are to be found in Note I. to the Life of Smith at page 88 of this volume. In 1796 he published his *Account of the Life and Writings of Robertson*, and his *Account of the Life and Writings of Reid*. These, together with the Memoir of Smith, are included in the present volume of his collected works. In 1806 the Whigs acceded to office, and indicated their sense of Mr. Stewart's public services in the cause of philosophy and education, as well as his services to some of their own connexions, by appointing him to a sinecure office—the writership of the *Edinburgh Gazette*. It was worth £300 a year, and was not only enjoyed by the Professor during his life, but continued to his family for some years after his death. If a thing equally gross could not easily be done for a favorite Professor by a political party in the present day, we must not judge Stewart harshly for allowing himself to be the recipient of such an appointment at a time when public opinion was not brought to bear on the distribution of patronage so effectually as it is in our own day.

Stewart's health received a great shock from the death of his son George, in 1809, a youth of great promise, to whom he was fondly attached; and in 1810 he withdrew from active professorial duty, Dr. Brown being appointed conjoint Professor with him, and occupying the chair. This he did until his death in 1820. It then became necessary to find a successor for Stewart. Two very distinguished men were competitors for the chair, John Wilson and Sir William Hamilton. It was conferred on the candidate least qualified for that particular post, by a majority in the Town Council of 21 to 9, notwithstanding Stewart's strong recommendation in favor of Sir William.

From the year 1809 to the close of his life, Stewart was occupied in arranging and publishing the various works for which he had for many years been accumulating the material. The late Duke of Hamilton handsomely placed at his service the retirement of Kinneil House, in Linlithgowshire, a residence of considerable local beauty. Hence were dated, in 1810 the *Philosophical Essays*—in 1813 (but only published in 1814) the second volume of the *Elements*—in 1815, the first, and in 1821, the second part of the

Dissertation—in 1826 (but only published in 1827) the third volume of the *Elements*—and in 1828, a few weeks before his death, the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers*. In January, 1828, Stewart was struck with paralysis, but though some of his bodily powers were impaired, and his constitution broken, he recovered sufficiently to resume his studies, making use, however, of his wife or daughter as amanuensis. He died in Edinburgh, after a further short illness, June 11, 1828, and was buried in a family vault "on the west side of the churchyard of Canongate, not far from the grave of Adam Smith."

Mr. Stewart's personal appearance and manner is thus described by Lord Cockburn in his *Memorials*, quoted in this present Memoir, p. xxxix., note:—

"Stewart was about the middle size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bold, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humor, in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing, and as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; and he was the finest reader I have ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professorial formality, and his whole manner that of an acedemical gentleman. . . . He lectured standing, from notes, which with their successive additions, must as I suppose, at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentlemanlike; calm and expository, but rising into greatness or softening into tenderness whenever his subject required it."

As a pendant to this description of his aspect in public may be given a portraiture of him as he appeared in private life, from the pen of his son:—

"In general company his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the *comitate condita gravitas*, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit, and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humor. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation and from

all premeditation. It was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterised by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage, and to women of cultivated understanding his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. . . . In his domestic circle his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanor, that when alone with his wife and children it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness and familiarity and playfulness were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost anything either of his grace or his dignity: '*Nec vero ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique prestantior.*'"—*Memoir*, p. lx.

It is not without interest to notice a peculiarity which belonged to Dugald Stewart, as well as to others of his family—an insensibility to the less refrangible colors of the spectrum. He was unable to distinguish the color of the ripe fruit of the Siberian crab from that of the leaves of the tree, and, in like manner, the colors of the flowers and leaves of the scarlet geranium. With reference both to the intrinsic and relative value of Stewart's political teaching, it is well observed by the author of this Memoir:—

"At the time when he began to give his separate course of Political Economy, the science had hardly assumed shape and definiteness in the general mind of the country; there was no adequate appreciation on the part even of the cultivated portion of the nation, either of its proper sphere or of the importance of a scientific discussion of its topics. The doctrines of Adam Smith, though fructifying in some of the more reflective and advanced minds of the time, had made little way either with statesmen or people. Fox, as is well known, spoke slightly of the *Wealth of Nations*. It was necessary, in fact, to vindicate a place for Political Economy, to reiterate, enforce, and carry out, in detailed application to the exist-

ing circumstances of society, the doctrines of Smith, in order to obtain a general consideration for the science, and acceptance of those doctrines. This was the chief work to which Mr. Stewart set himself in his course of Political Economy; and he certainly lent powerful aid, both by his general political speculations, and his teaching in Political Economy proper, in promoting the spread of liberal views on those subjects in Britain." (p. li.)

It is true that in his doctrines of Political Economy, Stewart showed little advance upon Adam Smith, as in philosophy and psychology he penetrated no further than Reid. He popularized and recommended doctrines which he had made his own, and which he had worked into a coherent system of psychology, morals, and politics.

The volume from which the above particulars of Stewart have been culled forms the tenth of his collected works. The editorship of these had been committed, by the trustees of his daughter, to Sir William Hamilton. He had completed the publication of nine volumes of the works, and had revised for the press the three memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid, which are presented in this tenth volume. The Memoir which now accompanies these essays is due to Mr. Veitch, who

is associated with the Rev. H. L. Mansel, a distinguished metaphysician at Oxford, in preparing the forthcoming edition of Sir William Hamilton's works. Of this particular volume it must be said that it presents a somewhat patchwork character. Besides the three essays of Stewart's, there is something of a biographical notice, something of a sketch of the Scotch philosophy, and some meagre extracts from his correspondence. There is a little notice of his recollections of Burns, a letter or two from Paris, a letter containing his impression of Sheridan, which was not favorable, and a letter or two addressed to him respecting a curious case of double-consciousness. The whole work of which this forms the close, except a merely supplemental volume of translations, and an Index, still to come, is a worthy memorial of an eminent man. But the truths for which Smith, Reid, and Stewart had to do battle are now an acknowledged common inheritance; and political and psychological facts, which fifty years ago required to be illustrated with many words, may now be enunciated more precisely in a few. The monument, therefore, which has thus been worthily raised, must be said to be rather an honor to the dead than of any particular service to the living.

A FEW specimens of M. Niepce St. Victor's photographs have been presented to the Royal Society. The especial merit of the new process is that the pictures will not fade. In a communication to the Photographic Society, M. Niepce says: "Everything leads to the hope that pictures taken in this way will be much more stable than the photographs taken by the present process; and that this new mode of printing positives, so very simple and rapid, is the sought-for solution of the important problem of the absolute fixing of photographic pictures." Another result will probably be, that all the operations of photography will come to be carried on in full daylight. It is now clear, from the French savant's discoveries, "that light communicates to certain substances which it has fallen upon, a real activity; or better, that certain bodies have the property of storing up light in a state of persistent activity." It is found that the process is accelerated by the use of a heated metal plate; and we hear that an ingenious individual has exhibited to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia copies of engravings taken by laying the engraving face downward on a prepared board, and passing a hot iron over the back.

"THE Letters, Conversations, and Recollections

of Coleridge," published more than twenty years ago, were, it seems, the production of Thomas Allsop, now a refugee in America on a charge of complicity in Orsini's conspiracy. He was, it appears, a favorite disciple of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and this volume is published under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Allsop, mainly to show the unlikelihood of the charge against his brother, but also with a regard to the intrinsic value of the book.

MANCHESTER MEN AND ARTISTS.—"When any of these great cotton lords give me a commission for a picture," observed an artist, a Londoner by birth, but now resident in Manchester, "they always speak and seem to feel as if it were they who were the obliged party."—*Chambers's Journal*.

SAD FATE OF A ROYAL RELIC.—The gold watch which Charles gave Jane Lane, and which he requested might descend as an heirloom to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being, was till lately at Charlecote-house, near Stratford-on-Avon, from whence it was stolen, and melted down in some Birmingham receiving-house.—*Westminster Review* for April.

From The Spectator, 24 April.
SARDINIA AND EUROPE.

THERE are two spectacles witnessed but seldom on this earth of evil passion and sin, which exceed in impressiveness every thing of human effort, and upon which the moral vision dwells with a rare and keen delight. One is that of a brave good man struggling with adversity, but inflexible in his adherence to right and honesty. The other is that of a small nation battling for liberty and truth, while environed by hostile governments, and, as it were, with the sword's point ever directed at its throat. There is a dramatic and ethical grandeur not unmixed with pathos in the solitary strife in each case. But the solitude, while it enhances the splendor of the struggle in the individual and the nation, while it secures to its history, whether issuing in failure or success, a deeper and more enduring reverence and admiration from all the future generations of men, is the bitterest reproach to those, who, having power to help, stand idly by while these momentous issues between heaven and hell are on their trial. Such a nation at this moment, struggling in noble solitude for public right and national existence, is Sardinia. May it not stand written on the indelible page of history, that such a bystanding nation indifferent both to the august conflict itself, and to its own honor when touched to the very quick during its progress, was this England of ours. What Bacon said of the general business of the world is more emphatically true in this connexion, that none but God and angels can dare to be mere lookers-on. And the nation or the man which "stands by the blood of its neighbors," though it may seem powerful to outward view, is like that oriental tree, which preserves a fair show of leaves, and flowers, and branches, while the worm within is turning its pith to dust and ashes.

The debate in the Sardinian Chambers upon the Deforesta law, brings out with startling force the actual position and work of Sardinia, and is well timed, with the Cagliari case, for the purpose of forcing the people and statesmen of England to a due consideration of the principles and duties involved. Amid the frankness and military determination which shine through the speeches of the Sardinian statesmen, it is easy to discern, what, indeed, Count Cavour does not shrink from expressing, a profound anxiety. And it would be strange were it not so, when Europe is filled with rumors about the concentration of Austrian troops on the Sardinian frontier, when the French Emperor bears himself so ambiguously towards Italy, as to stoop to advertise himself through the manifesto of his Italian assassin, whose brain had given way under tyranny, for which, he, more than any other

man is responsible; and while England, who is her natural, and should be her unequivocally reliable ally, against the despotism of the cowl and sword, is playing fast and loose with its arch-patron, Austria; and examining her own legal rights, and criticizing her diplomatists with the languor of utter indifference rather than the stern deliberation which is justified by a stern purpose. It is lamentable that the great lesson of 1853 should be lost upon our statesmen. One thing was unmistakably taught by that year of diplomatic confusion; that national indecision, and languid infirmity in negotiation, when serious international questions are involved, is the course most likely of all others to provoke war. England occupies so peculiar and mediatorial a position between the Liberal and Absolutist fanaticisms of Europe, fanaticisms which lurk like smouldering fire beneath the dry ashes of every diplomatic controversy, that when her judicial voice rings clear and firm through the tumult of litigant passions, it wins deference and averts hostilities. But when she is silent or utters only stammered or doubtful words, then, indeed, are her own fair fame and the peace of Europe alike endangered. It is, in fact, not too much to say, that upon the moral attitude of England depends yet the question whether the problems which press upon the nations of Europe can be solved without that war of opinions, with the hideous thought of which men's minds have become but too familiar since the prophecy fell from Canning's lips. If the great arch of Christendom is destined to fall in so terrible a manner, and prepare the ground, after a blank of barbarism, for the edifice of a new civilization, the great crash will be due to this cause beyond all others, that its keystone was untrue to its function, the constitutional Crown of England.

Upon the particular question which the Sardinian Chambers are debating, it is excessively difficult, and fortunately, we have no inclination to pass an opinion on its judicial aspects. It is not possible for English laymen or lawyers to affirm dogmatically that the judicial system which is our great safeguard, in political and private cases, is invariably applicable to questions involving such delicate issues at this moment as the assassination of Kings, in a country so peculiarly situated as Piedmont. The only aspect of the case seriously affecting the well-wishers of Piedmont, is satisfied by the emphatic declarations of able statesmen and soldiers like Cavour and La Marmora that they are not acting under foreign pressure. Provided that the Deforesta law is not made the instrument of judicial iniquity, a supposition forbidden by the character of King and Ministers, it is immaterial that it has the collateral merit or demerit of

conciliating that enigmatic personage, who seems compounded of Julian and Cagliostro, with a slight infusion of Tiberius, the Emperor of the French. With us the case of the Government of Lord Palmerston was different. For, in the first place, we had been plainly put under the pressure of the French army, and, on the other hand, the few persons who had critically examined the proposed Conspiracy Bill, had satisfied themselves that its provisions were of a kind anomalous to our jurisprudence, and upon all grounds of jurisprudence and policy utterly unacceptable. If no point of right is sacrificed, Sardinian statesmen are right to throw tube to Imperial whies; for the chance even of securing alliances.

For while Count Cavour spoke in a strain which showed that the King and his advisers hold themselves pledged to the cause of Italian independence, while their actions appear so plainly to be a throwing down of the gauntlet to the Austro-Roman despotic powers of Italy, all true Sardinian patriots and sympathizers should acquiesce in the necessity which imparts a diplomatic and belligerent character to legislative acts. In effect, Count Cavour says to the Chambers, not so much that Sardinia will take up the cause of Italian freedom, as that she is in the very thick of the fight for it, and must try for foreign alliances to help her to success.

Still, the course is a hazardous one, and Sardinian statesmen will be too keen not to see that the friendship of French Imperialism, as practically expounded by the Delphic doctor who represents it on the throne, is a strange armory wherein to temper the weapons which are to revolutionize Italy, in a constitutional sense, a striking phrase used during the Sardinian debates. Count Cavour appears to suggest to the Chambers, that if they would build up an everlasting political habitation they must not be over-scrupulous in making friends with the French Mammon of unrighteousness. But it is not for Englishmen, while their country lies under the appearance of skulking from plain international duties under the cover of diplomatic mistakes, and legal difficulties, to be over censorious with Piedmont, if she grasps doubtful or unclean hands in her hour of agony.

The intensity of the strife of principle, in which Piedmont represents the right and the truth, is shown in nothing so much as in the way in which the most responsible orators of the Sardinian Chambers have torn to pieces all the veils of diplomatic reserve. All the world knows and on indisputable authority how coldly selfish is the republican liberalism of your Lamartines, and your Cavaignacs; and with what polite cynicism distinguished French literary statesmen can tell the leader

of the van of Italian freedom that they prevented the President of the Republic when half-willing from giving French help to Italian armies. It will be felt throughout Europe that this frankness represents the sound policy of which overpowering necessity is the best teacher and evinces a just appreciation of the power of public sentiment in this age. For to recall to the Emperor the sentiments of the President is at once to warn Austria to prudence, and the Monarch himself that infidelity to this purpose, following so many infidelities, might, if nothing else did, make of his throne the unsteady and perishable thing, which the Republic itself proved to be.

But, again we say, what of England? It would appear that the Law-officers of the Crown are really in serious doubt as to the legality or illegality of the Neapolitan proceedings touching the Cagliari, though clear as to the unlawfulness of the detention of Park and Watt. We must emphatically say that we care not how much statesmen and lawyers deliberate, nay, the longer and deeper the better, provided the deliberations are intended to secure an impregnable position for action, and are not a mere cover for delay, or doubting purpose. Therefore, we are far from endeavoring to prejudice questions on which we would have such grave issues of action depend. At the same time, is it not a little difficult to understand where the doubt in pronouncing against the Neapolitan position really lies. The whole case is that of a vessel, perfectly legitimate in original character, used for a temporary anti-Neapolitan purpose, but restore to her normal authority, and captured after the restoration by the *vis major* of Neapolitan frigates, beyond the sea-limit of Neapolitan jurisdiction. We are not insensible to the very important truth, that often legal doubts, which appear to the lay mind as mere trivialities, are matters of truly vital import. But in this case the hesitation touching the point of capture in the minds of English jurists is, as yet, inexplicable to us. And we anxiously wait for the publication of the opinions of all the Law-officers for enlightenment. In our view Lord Clarendon solved this point, when he wrote in the famous letter of suggestions to Sir James Hudson, that it was ridiculous to talk of the Cagliari as not having been captured by force. And, after all, the real question of law in the case does not touch the mere capture in its inception, but the proceedings, taken as a whole, of Naples in regard to the vessel. And we await with no little curiosity and anxiety, the announcement of that train of legal reasoning, which shall acquit the acts of Naples in the capture and condemnation of the vessel from the charge of almost wilful violation of maritime international law: and

shall show that the reasonings on which the acts are founded are not what competent jurists have pronounced them, a subversion of such law in its very foundations of principle and authority.

The development of this question, and of the Sardinian position towards Europe generally cannot, according to all present appearances, be long postponed. If we repeat again the memorable expression of opinion, that "constitutional government is on its trial," it is because we feel that England is as much placed at the bar of the world's opinion as Sardinia in that great litigation. The conscience of mankind, which in these cases is an inexorable judge, pronounces that free governments should deal with one another as being of the household of political faith. And no mere motive of diplomatic necessity, in the case of a powerful empire like that of England, will excuse such rapprochement to despotic powers as shall prevent, or appear to prevent, the discharge of duties which devolve upon us not merely from political sympathy, not merely as the guardians of European liberties, but as the parties principally interested in the maritime law of the world. It is not agreeable to find English statesmen complacently drawing a distinction between our national duties to Park and Watt, and our international as regards the Cagliari, especially when the two appear bound together in the law and reason of the special question. And every Englishman must feel the attitude of Sardinia towards France as a personal reproach. No person who is capable of justly appreciating the King and statesmen and people of Sardinia can suppose that this conciliatory demeanor to the French Emperor is due to inclination. And we for our part, are able to affirm the contrary upon grounds not of mere speculation but of authoritative knowledge. It is to England that the eyes of Sardinians are turned. It is England which is and must be the Mecca of modern

constitutionalists; it is towards England that are set the faces of those who pray for the dawn of a happier day upon this Europe of noble scientific civilization, and vulgar political despotism. Beyond a doubt we cannot take up the political regeneration of the whole world, or draw the sword to establish constitutional kingdoms in Europe. We have difficulties and duties enough to forbid world-wide schemes of political propagandism, had not the experience of mankind condemned their very principle. But at least we can and must do our duty; at least we are bound not to shrink from the defence of our allies in plain questions of right, because we are tied and bound by the silken chains of the diplomatic salons of Europe, and infected by the abominable doctrine which would repeal all rules of international right under the plea of keeping in chains the wild beast of the Revolution.

Those who believe that men or nations who shrink from their duty are chastised, a law which certainly is not yet repealed, should keep these things, and ponder them in their hearts. The empire which has defied the world in arms, and rode victoriously through the storms of Spanish and French despotisms, keeping for the world's admiration a sacred soil of liberty untouched for eight centuries, the invader's foot may not survive a wilful departure from its chief duty. If the insular position which has hitherto been the sign of our political individuality, become the sign of an egotistical indifference, there will be a heavy retribution. But we will not entertain this doubt or dread. England will be true to herself, and will speak at last in no doubtful voice. If the peace of Europe is to be preserved there is no way so sure and just as that. If not, we believe she will ever throw her sword into the scale of right. For the sun of the political firmament is not yet destined to be struck out.

THE COST OF A MODERN BELLE.—I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set £500; such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly £30 10s. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin, and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six half-crowns, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the thirty-

guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by £30 sterling. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with £22 5s 6d, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore 14s 6d on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in £684 11s.—*My Note Book.*

DEATH OF GEN. PERSIFOR FRAZER SMITH.

[Compiled from The Union, New York Evening Post, New York Times, National Intelligencer, and North American.]

THE telegraph announces a great loss to the army and the nation. General Persifor F. Smith died at Leavenworth, on Sunday, 16th May. He left here a month ago in feeble health, but with the hope that travel and change of air would produce a reaction in a system long worn by disease. This hope was in some degree realized, and until a few days before his decease, there was a visible improvement in his condition. The appointment of General Smith to the chief command of the army of Utah was earnestly solicited by him. When remonstrated with by his friends on the danger of such service to one in his condition, his invariable reply was, that he could not die in a better place—at his post—"with harness on." His ardent patriotism and military spirit grew stronger and brighter as his physical system and vigor declined. He was indeed importunate in his solicitations for the difficult and laborious service, to which he had been ordered by the government, in the hope cherished by his friends, that such service would improve his health, and with an unbounded confidence in his wisdom, judgment, and admirable military qualities.

He was born in Philadelphia in November, 1798. He was a son of Jonathan Smith, formerly cashier of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and afterwards cashier of the Bank of the United States. The maternal grandfather of General Smith was Persifor Frazer, who was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Revolutionary Army. General Smith was bred to the law. After graduating with honor at Princeton he entered the law office of Mr. Charles Chauncey, in Philadelphia, and upon his admission removed to New Orleans, where he passed the greater part of his life, filling many civil and judicial offices in that city with great credit and distinction. Throughout his whole life—even during his judicial services—his leading passion was for arms, his taste was ever decidedly military. For a long time he commanded a very brilliant volunteer company and battalion; and was never happier than when he could exchange the ermine for the military garb. His first service, however, in the field was rendered during the Seminole war, when, obedient to the call of General Gaines, he raised a few regiments of volunteers, and with incredible rapidity marched to the scene of war, and

participated in a very brilliant and efficient manner in the most trying events of that long and vexatious contest. It was on this occasion he attracted the special attention of Generals Gaines, Scott, and Taylor, and received their confidence, which he ever afterwards retained.

On the conclusion of this service he resumed his judicial functions in New Orleans. In the midst of these duties, in the spring of 1846, the news of the alarming situation of Gen. Taylor on the Rio Grande, when pursued by Arista and Ampudia with overwhelming forces, reached New Orleans, and fired the military ardor of Gen. Smith to such a degree that he abandoned a most lucrative and valuable office, and proceeded to organize a large force of volunteers to reinforce Gen. Taylor. It was by the express wish of General Taylor that this command was given to Gen. Smith. The result of his labors in the organization of this force exhibits the most wonderful instance in our history of the military resources and spirit of our people, as well as of the high qualities of this gallant officer. In six weeks' time five regiments, all equipped and in an excellent state of organization, were on their way to join Gen. Taylor. Gen. Smith took the field at the head of this force, which was double the whole army of Gen. Taylor. This timely reinforcement enabled the latter General to proceed more rapidly and vigorously in the capture and occupation of the Mexican territory along the Rio Grande, and on the forward march into the interior of the country.

The fierce battle of Monterey brought out the full energies of the man, and developed the abilities of the officer; and for his service on that day he was breveted Brigadier General. He remained with Gen. Taylor until the expedition to Vera Cruz was determined upon, when he was one of the officers detailed for service under General Scott. This was the period when Taylor, reduced to great straits by the order withdrawing some of his best troops, fell into that fit of rage, which has not passed from the memory of readers of the history of that memorable campaign. Among those with whom Taylor was loth to part, was Gen. Smith.

After joining the army under Scott, illness prevented Gen. Smith from taking an active part in the conflicts that marked the passage of the army from Vera Cruz to Contreras.

The battle which occurred at the latter point, however, was one where he assumed a position so prominent that the engagement has become indissolubly connected with his name. In his official report of this battle, Gen. Scott spoke of Gen. Smith in these complimentary terms: "He closely directed the whole attack in front with his habitual coolness and ability." This was the first of the great battles fought in the Valley of Mexico, and the success of the Americans was justly attributed to a movement planned by Gen. Smith, for turning the enemy's left and gaining their rear; a manœuvre which proved entirely successful and gained the day for the Americans. On the day of the capture of Contreras, the battle of Churubusco was fought, and Gen. Smith was also conspicuous in that conflict. Subsequently he was appointed, with other officers, to negotiate the Armistice. At the resumption of hostilities he participated in the affair of Chapultepec, and was in active service at the capture of the City of Mexico. His conduct at the battle of Contreras procured his promotion to the rank of Major General by brevet, dating from the 20th of August, 1847.

At the conclusion of the war Gen. Smith was ordered to California, where he held command of the Military Department; and he afterwards held a similar command in Texas. For several years past, he had been in command of the Department of the West, with head-quarters at St. Louis. This Department includes the country west of the

Mississippi, and east of the Rocky Mountains, exclusive of the District included in the Departments of Texas and New Mexico.

On the 15th of April last, Gen. Smith was assigned to the command of the Department of Utah, and of the troops destined for it, according to his brevet rank.

Since his service in Texas, Gen. Smith had suffered greatly from a chronic diarrhœa, which enfeebled his frame and incapacitated him for severe labor. Possessed, however, of an indomitable energy, and cherishing a hope that his disease had assumed more favorable symptoms, he undertook the commission. His cadaverous countenance and wasted form occasioned alarm among the friends who saw him recently at Carlisle, whither he was summoned as a member of the Court Martial on Col. Sumner. His natural vivacity, however, did not forsake him. He was an agreeable gentleman as well as a gallant officer, and gathered about him troops of attached and faithful friends. He wore his well-earned laurels with the grace and modesty of a true gentleman.

The prominent features of his character were great tact, excellent judgment, the most agreeable and impressive manner, full of simplicity, and sincerity, and intense military enthusiasm and ardor.

His personal appearance was soldierly and impressive. He had light hair, a keen eye, and was of middle height, stoutly built and quick in his movements. He leaves a widow and one son, Dr. Howard Smith, of New Orleans.

THE KING OF SARDINIA.—A European war might lead to the emancipation of Lombardo Venetia, and in that case who but Victor Emanuel would be called to reign over the kingdom of constitutional Italy? He is but thirty-eight years of age, and it is impossible to say that he may not be reserved to assist in great events, and fulfil a high destiny. His detestation of Austria is well known, and contributes to the popularity he enjoys amongst his subjects—a loyal race, long and deeply attached to the house of Savoy. I believe that nothing in the world would give him such pleasure, would render him so completely happy, as to find himself in a position to lead across the Ticino such an army as could contend, with a fair chance of success, against the Austrian legions. With that army at his back, and with the chivalrous and noble-hearted La Marmora, who looks like a Paladin of old, by his side, he would fear no foe, and feel confident of victory. His taste is for action rather than for council; he prefers the field to the cabinet. His mode of life proves this; he detests court forms and ceremonies, and passes the greater part of his time in hunting

and shooting. Nothing afflicts him more than the arrival here of great personages, to whom he is obliged to give State receptions and grand entertainments. His tastes are not intellectual, and his private life might occasion scandal in England; but a moral sovereign would be out of place in Piedmont; and his subjects smile indulgently at his amours, which are of no very elevated description. He is, in fact, very much what he looks—a frank, straightforward man, hating humbug, somewhat of a sensualist, with little talent, but an honest heart. He has been seen in England, and his portrait is familiar to most people—his square and rather heavy figure, his broad chest and bull-neck, his enormous moustache, bluff features, and head very much thrown back. He looks best in uniform and on horseback; on foot his appearance is not very majestic. Whatever his defects, however, his subjects like him well, and certainly would be sorry to change him for another. Honesty of purpose, and a sincere attachment to liberty, and respect for a plighted word, are at least as important qualities in a king, as brilliant talents and a fascinating exterior.—*Blackwood*

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